


MACLEAN'S



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FROM
CANADA...**

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NEEDS
HIM?**

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Why kids dig
the sound their
parents hate

SKIING

Why it's our
fastest growing
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The U.S.A.: Noted for Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of our Canadian.

Last year, Americans bought over 12 million bottles of Canada's finest whisky, Canadian Lord Calvert, calling it "the smoothest Canadian ever," "perhaps the greatest Canadian I ever drank," and "the Canadian whisky that made me switch from that other Canadian whisky." But we don't have to take their word for it. So pursue our Canadian for yourself.

Canadian Lord Calvert

CANADA REPORT DECEMBER 1995

THE 1960S REMEMBER?

What will we call them 40 years on? The Swinging Sixties? The Sick Sixties? The Era of Excess? We don't know; but there was something about those 10 years, something that had to do with excitement and struggle for change. What was it? Here *Maclean's* recaptures a taste of the fact and folklore that will make the decade as well remembered as the Roaring Twenties or the Gay Nineties.

First, the bad news



GI Joe, Miquel Masi Mazon, and for the first time in history, U.S. toy manufacturers had little boys playing with dolls, and paramilitary dolls at that.

Instant Breakfast: By packing enough calories in a glass to tide you over until lunch, this nutritious powder speeded the decline of a civilized start to the day.

The timeless bathing suit: Ruth Greenish designed it, mostly for publicity, and contributed a memorable image of 1960s femininity.



New... the good news

The cassette tape recorder made portable sound accessible to almost anybody.

Mosdeford-London: return for \$165 while almost everything else went up, air fares came down through charter and group rates, giving stay-at-homes even less excuse for not seeing the world.

Ralph Nader helped start a movement: revolution in direct results, safer (but not much more sensible) Detroit cars, supermarkets that pelt their customers, a new and useful department of the federal government.

These inventions then made getting up in the morning less of a burden: stainless-steel razor blades for men, for women, partly how they stay up without garters and electric hair curlers that do

the awful job in 10 minutes or less.

The mankind pleased anybody by not going out of style.





Take a stand.

Don't boggle around when you're out to buy whisky. For the mellow taste you're after, there's one sure approach. Just ask for Seagram's 83. It's a decision you'll want to stand by for keeps.

Seagram's 83
CANADIAN WHISKY



CANADA REPORT DECEMBER 1980

1960s

Women are people, too

The Barbie Doll was introduced by Mattel in the decade began, the success of Barbie, with her companions, her glossy good looks, her instantly appealing for new clothes, somehow told a lot about how women were regarded in North America. Hugh Hefner made a fortune with live Barbie dolls, the first bunny club opened in Chicago in 1960. The go-go girl was revealed, too, significantly, she usually danced in some kind of cage. The backlash started with Betty Friedan, whose post-feminist book, *The Feminine Mystique*, made a lot of women wonder why they weren't "satisfied." It coincided with the growth of the Women's Liberation Movement, which takes a deep view of business, and, in Toronto, disrupted a billion women that they felt was a prime example of male exploitation. A Canadian sociologist named Lloyd Tiger had the next-to-last word in his book, *Men In Groups*, argued that men are dominant because of their biological inheritance from the animal kingdom.

"Entertainment is the defense of liberty is no vice."

Betty Friedan, July 1964

"Shout to kill! Shout to make!"

George Michael Richard Owen, April 11, 1962

Notes on poverty

In Vancouver, city officials evicted vagrant Larry McManis from a city works yard, where he'd been living for several years beneath some propped-up slabs of cement. In Toronto, where it was estimated that 93 percent of the people can't afford to buy a house, police arrested Shostanz Kuznetsovich from his home in a concrete pit at the bottom of a manhole.

"Let the wind go forth . . . that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans—born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritages—and swelling to wisdom to permit the slow unfolding of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed . . ."

John F. Kennedy
January 25, 1961



Trivia explosion

Go a considerable night in 1966, a talented Italian walked into a discotheque wearing cape, hood, rights, etc., and told the waiter, "A corner table, please. I don't want to be conspicuous." This, from the first episode of the big hit of the 1966 TV season, launched the great boom in camp, first defined in Susan Sontag's article in *Persuasion Review*, which described camp as a new, obsessive sensibility that builds an elaborate aesthetic around campy truth such as *Major Bowe's Amateur Hour*. In no time at all, camp was a major social force. Come bodies of the 1940s enjoyed a revival on campuses, and you weren't considered well-informed unless you knew the name of the Green Hornet's chauffeur. One of the biggest things about the 1960s, in fact, was the 1940s.

Unwelcome Survivors



Jokes?

Why Poles? Why Italians? Why Newt? Nobody knows, but these groups were singled out for special and unflattering attention on the smoking-room circuit. The word burned itself out with a spouting of WASP jokes (What do you call a WASP girl who makes love once a year? A nymphomaniac.) The elephant jokes were gentler, more mysterious, and didn't necessarily involve elephants (What's brown and waddled and knew? The electric piano.) You figure it out.

The heroines

There were great men and great moments. The New York Men (and) woo the peasant Canada producer Harry Jerome, Bill Croft.



and Bruce Kidd. Bobby Hull scored 58 goals in one season. But the real phenomenon was our girls, most of these young enough for teeth braces and teenage bras, who did most of the big scoring for Canada. Nancy Grew, Elaine Tanner, Petra Burke. And let us not forget Violeta Nasukaitis, who won the North American table tennis championship at the age of 14.

Perils of technology

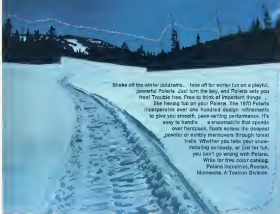
In the American westward in 1962, a pilot disconnected his wife by short-circuiting her electric toothbrush.

At a medical symposium in 1963, Dr. Preston A. Wade of Cornell University described an unfortunate case of space travel. "I, while in a room in weightless space, a man is unfortunate enough to pass flat, the first that produced in enough to bust him in the couch with such force as to fracture his skull."

New York doctors discovered, six months after the 1965 power failure, that Mashed out most of the nation's U.S. and Canada for several hours, the birth rate increased significantly.

A work after the computer out at St. George's University in Montreal, some data was being processed to usual. The university had duplicate memory tapes wired off-campus and, by using remote terminals, was running them through computers in Ottawa.

Polaris Freedom Trail



Shake off the winter doldrums... take off for winter fun on a playful, powerful Polaris. Just turn the key, and Polaris sets you free! Trouble-free. Free to think of important things...

...like having fun on your Polaris. The 1970 Polaris incorporates over one hundred design refinements to give you smooth, piece-of-cake performance. It's easy to handle... a snowmobile that speeds over hardpack, floats across the deepest powder or ambly maneuvers through forest trails.

Whether you take your snowmobiling seriously, or just for fun, you can't go wrong with Polaris. Write for free color catalog: Polaris Industries, Reedsville, Minnesota. A Textron Division.

Only Textron, Motocycle's Division, Ltd.

1960S

Sickies

The signs of the U.S. Air Force were in Vietnam that specialized in defoliation under: "Only we can prevent forest."

Go-go girls (staring with Carol Doda in the *Freemont*) who, in the finest traditions of cooperative free enterprise, offered the customer more by having their breasts exposed with silicone.

A girl named Kitty Gossens was stabbed to death in a New York street, while 18 people watched unapologetically, later explaining that they "didn't want to get involved."

In Montreal, two motorists ran over the body of a 12-year-old boy after he'd been killed in a traffic accident, and at least seven others were by without stopping. Canada, which had deployed the war in Vietnam and profited handsomely by it, donated 460,000 textbooks to the Vietnamese school system for — yes — sexual studies.

"Hacking machines and television sets showed... Superhighways devour... a second-highest air pollution. Ugly little towns prosper, all... a themselves cities and all looking like faithful copies of Canada, Nebraska.

"This is not a Canada to call forth any man's love. But just north of it will be a different kind of land — two towns over to be finally settled, too close to be popular like the Rockport or Miami. There is no reason to doubt that it will always be there, and so long as it is there Canada will not die."

Ray Frost, *Maclean's* January 1960, 120

Unwelcome survivors



The poisoned public

North America finally realized that, as a by-product of industrial progress, we're methodically poisoning our environment and each other. Hopeful signs: steam cars, new companies that make a profit by "reclaiming" garbage and industrial waste; emergence of a public (and even a few governments) determined to put a stop to it.



Scandals we have known and loved

A random listing of juicy — but highly forgettable — scandals. We've selected them to read on the basis of significance, shock value, notoriety and general interest.



Lucien Bouchard: Montreal drag pedlar who stepped from Bouchard and with a little help from his friends, thereby creating much awkwardness for the Pearson government. Now serving 20 years in a U.S. prison. ***



Christine Keeler: She slept with British cabinet member John Profumo and with the Soviet military attaché. Great contributions when Profumo led to parliament. She's still in London, selling her memoirs. *****



Charles Van Doren: Professor at Columbia, son of a distinguished scholar, he took part in a rigged TV quiz show and later confessed. Now in private business in Chicago. ***



Dick Clark: In the early 1960s, ran a TV gossip show for teenagers and took payoffs for playing pop records. He's still under contract with ABC, makes *American Bandstand* and moonlights by appearing in commercials for an ice cream. **



Gerda Madsen: Do we really have to remind you about Gerda? She was too friendly with John Diefenbaker's ex-wife and his defense. She's now the wife of a Minsk cigar manufacturer. ***

The instant-nostalgia quiz (test yourself)

An instant-nostalgia buff will score an out of ten on the following quiz. (Answers on page 7.)

1. Name Roger Kuntz's hometown.
2. Which one starred in the 1961 series *Mr. Zapp*: Bobby Davis, Fabian or Sal Mineo?
3. Name three girls who played Gidget.
4. Who was Odd-job and what was his tag?
5. Name two of Tity Tivy's previous pseudonyms, or his real name.
6. Name Buzman's brother or his house, or the police commissioner.
7. What is Dippy-Dee?
8. Who is Sir Roy Welensky?
9. What is a Tringamoor?
10. Why are you doing this?

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The 390 Super Sport
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1960S



The prophets

At first they were just these four jumble-mep-tops, a bustling exercise in mutant hysteria like Elton, Sinatra, Valentino and all the rest. But then something unexpected happened. The Beatles not only endured, they revealed themselves as creators on the Jewish scale of a Picasso, perhaps the ultimate prophet of the decade. It wasn't just their lyrics, which have entered the language as rarely as Shakespeare's. It

wasn't just their songs, which have been compared, inevitably, with Schubert's. It was more that, anything their coolness, their searching, their liberated lifestyle, the very look of Paul, George, John and Ringo, that made them the icons of the electronic age. Social historians a hundred years from now will look at our time, and conclude that the Beatles were what really happened in the 1960s. "What do you call that baroque?" a sevensite requested. "Artistic," replied the Beatles.

The life of the mind

A partial list of 1960s neuroses, obsessions, paranoias, etc., that were supposed to make you happier: Scientology, transpersonal meditation, soul answers, T-groups, sensitivity training, behaviorist psychiatry, group grope; soul, communal living, macrobiotic diets, neopaganism, therapy, organic farming.

The rise of the lie

We lied about what the U-2 was doing over Russia. JFK lied about the Central Intelligence Agency's plans to invade Cuba. His UN ambassador, Adlai Stevenson, lied some more when the deed was done. A Kennedy aide named Arthur Sylvester coined the term "news management," which means lying to the press in the national interest. LBJ lied about the Gulf of Tonkin "attacks," which he used to justify the bombing of North Vietnam. It turned out the total damage was one small bullet hole in the funeral of a U.S. destroyer. Our favorite lie, though, was the Soviet statement that the Cubans approached Moscow and her satellites "with the request for urgent help to the frontiers of Czechoslovakia nation, including help by armed forces." All this fibbing gave rise to something called the Czechoslovak Gap. Norman Mailer, who ran for mayor of New York, tried to run now it with a manuscript (and unpublished) political slogan: "No More B.S."

Unwelcome Survivors



Body counts

Hunger: According to Chetters, 36.5 million people died through malnutrition worldwide in the 1960s.
Deaths: Two million (est.) deaths since May 1967, mainly from starvation. Deaths ran still running at 2,000 a day, mostly children.
Traffic: About 44,000 people died on Canadian highways in the 1960s.

Vietnam: 560,308 North Vietnamese and Vietnamese killed up to October 1969, according to U.S. sources, whose body counts have been known to be inflated; 58,969 U.S. troops dead, unaccounted for on both sides of the border.
Bodies: 500,000 (est.) as one of these obscure little civil wars that bothers nobody.

Canada: Life expectancy of Canadians 45,000 Indians and Métis in 34 years, up 71 for all Canadians.

Quiz answers

1. Lennon, McCartney, 2. Parker, 3. Beatles (but, really, it was John, George, Paul, and Ringo), 4. As you say, the Soviet Agency was a Jewish front, now under strict control by the Jewish, 5. Lenny Davis, The Prophet, 6. Elton, 7. Sinatra, 8. Valentino, 9. Arthur, 10. Elton, 11. Sinatra, 12. Valentino, 13. Arthur, 14. Elton, 15. Sinatra, 16. Valentino, 17. Arthur, 18. Elton, 19. Sinatra, 20. Valentino, 21. Arthur, 22. Elton, 23. Sinatra, 24. Valentino, 25. Arthur, 26. Elton, 27. Sinatra, 28. Valentino, 29. Arthur, 30. Elton, 31. Sinatra, 32. Valentino, 33. Arthur, 34. Elton, 35. Sinatra, 36. Valentino, 37. Arthur, 38. Elton, 39. Sinatra, 40. Valentino, 41. Arthur, 42. Elton, 43. Sinatra, 44. Valentino, 45. Arthur, 46. Elton, 47. Sinatra, 48. Valentino, 49. Arthur, 50. Elton, 51. Sinatra, 52. Valentino, 53. Arthur, 54. Elton, 55. Sinatra, 56. Valentino, 57. Arthur, 58. Elton, 59. Sinatra, 60. Valentino, 61. Arthur, 62. Elton, 63. Sinatra, 64. Valentino, 65. Arthur, 66. Elton, 67. Sinatra, 68. Valentino, 69. Arthur, 70. Elton, 71. Sinatra, 72. Valentino, 73. Arthur, 74. Elton, 75. Sinatra, 76. Valentino, 77. Arthur, 78. Elton, 79. Sinatra, 80. Valentino, 81. Arthur, 82. Elton, 83. Sinatra, 84. Valentino, 85. Arthur, 86. Elton, 87. Sinatra, 88. Valentino, 89. Arthur, 90. Elton, 91. Sinatra, 92. Valentino, 93. Arthur, 94. Elton, 95. Sinatra, 96. Valentino, 97. Arthur, 98. Elton, 99. Sinatra, 100. Valentino.

Give the gift
of memories
...a perfect gift
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KODAK INSTAMATIC® M62 Movie Camera, compact super 8 reflex with power zoom lens, makes a perfect gift. Less than \$130.



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KODAK CAROUSEL® 850 Projector offers many features including automatic following, remote control, a completely automatic operation. Gravity feed assures repeated slide shows. Five models starting at less than \$84.

KODAK INSTAMATIC® Reflex Camera (at left) Kodak's latest camera combines compact loading with single lens reflex operation. Electronic shutter for electronic exposures up to 20 seconds. Interchangeable lenses. Less than \$225.

*Prices subject to change without notice.

Kodak

Your first stereo should be good enough to be your last.

There's enough quality in each Panasonic modular stereo component to last a lifetime. And more.

Our stereo gives you the big sound. With a not-so-big price tag.

Like our RE-7700C. An FM/AM-FM stereo tuner. With features like automatic band tuning. And automatic tuning that lets you while from one station to another. With super accuracy.

Plus slide controls so you can adjust like professionals do.

And a lot more. Like FET tuner to bring in only one station at a time. And automatically activated AFC tuning that keeps FM from drifting.

And anytime you decide to take on more

of the big sound, the RE-7700C's auxiliary jacks will take tape decks, record changers, and just about anything else that's able to listen to.

The RE-7700C is just part of the system. We have ten other modular stereo components. From \$109.95 to \$599.95. All with the big quality sound. With built-in cassette players and recorders. With 8-track cartridge players. With built-in record changers. We even have one with an exclusive dual-to-two stereo tape recorder. All in elegant solid wood cabinetry.

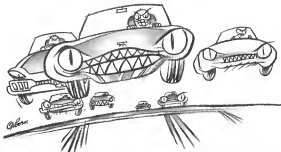
So go to any Panasonic dealer and spend some time with our stereo components. Your first visit may be your last.

For stereo.



PANASONIC®
just slightly ahead of our time.

PANASONIC—Stereo, Audio, Television, Radio, Video Equipment, Appliances, Batteries



With every other driver out to get you, at least your car should be on your side.

Sooner or later you'll find yourself driving down the road thinking you're surrounded by idiots.

And you'll secretly wish you were driving a tank or some giant combat truck in order to make yourself impossible to the madmen around you.

These thoughts, of course, are not abnormal. They're simply the ravings of a realist. And could easily lead you to buy a Volvo.

Volvo is designed for the man who recognizes that to DRIVE DEFENSIVELY and WATCH OUT FOR THE OTHER CRY is the only way to live.

So first, Volvo makes it easy for you to lose those who would threaten you in this mobile era.

There are 3500 square inches of glass in a Volvo—more than on many intermediate-sized sedans. So you can see all four corners of the car.

Volvo even comes equipped with rear window defroster, narrowing the possibility of foul weather snafu attacks from behind.

Next, a Volvo makes you feel at home. This is important because your comfort, or lack of it, affects the way you drive. Volvo has bucket seats, adjustable to an infinite variety of positions. There's even an adjustment for firmness and softness of the seat backs.

Volvo possesses the power to let you enter highway traffic courageously. It's not a fancy little fidgeter car that can't keep up with traffic.

More important than going or stopping, So

Volvo has four wheel power disc brakes. Disc brakes resist fading even after repeated emergency stops. And they don't stop working in the rain. Our magazine reports Volvo to have, "Quite probably, the best brakes in the world."

Volvo has made allowances for the man who enters your lane at a place you haven't yet vacated. Steering is precise, four turns lock to lock. Most cars require five or six and a half turns. And evasive maneuvers performed in slow motion are futile.

Many cars ride as though you're driving on marshmallows. Since you drive on roads, Volvo's suspension is firm. A Volvo doesn't wallow around corners. You drive it, it doesn't drive you.

Perhaps the biggest thing you have on your side when you drive a Volvo is an overall feeling of confidence and well-being.

Volvo's are built so well that 9 out of every 10 registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.

Things being what they are today, we can't guarantee your Volvo will survive eleven years. But at least we start you off with the odds in your favor.



TAKKBACK

NBQ: What happened in BC? / Trudeau's top 35: "Everything for Quebec" / Saskatchewan: Where the people want

By A. Roy Davidson For The New Democrat
 (LEAF/Canadian Press Report)
 The recent BC election was not won for Social Credit by Premier Bennett's widely expected campaign strategy involving "What affected me to vote for Social Credit was mainly the solid alignment of the NDP here with the trade union movement and the industry may have trade union votes this year in their negotiations with employers and their conduct of prolonged strikes. The NDP and their supporters, dedicated themselves."

C. J. LAMAR, VANCOUVER

"I disagree with your reason for the defeat of the NDP and Tim Berger. With Social Credit we know what you say, Tim Berger was promising too much, with no solution in it where the money was going to come from — it is TELFER, SASKATON, SK."

The last shot is best

You could Desmond Morris, author of *The Human Zoo*, with captions with his previous book *The Naked Ape*, the picture "Yellowed" by other words, such as Robert Ashby (Edmonton) and The Toronto (Inquirer) and Kenneth Lowry (The Alberta) and finally, all these books were published before The Naked Ape. W. F. MONTGOMERY, VANCOUVER

By *Saskatoon is correct*, Macdonald's report is extremely true.

An award for '2 Others'

Congratulations to Margaret Harris for her report on the Toronto and Montreal edition show, *It's Not 2 Cities*. She deserves it. If something doesn't come from this Canada strike, it won't be her fault. Come on, Montreal.

The two fellow shows were completely dissimilar. The Montreal edition show was co-ordinated, produced and shown by the Fulton Group. The Ontario edition show was paid for, in part, by the Ontario government. It was, in fact, if they paid to show even the word creation it had to be shown. To be able to produce an entire edition show in the Ontario Centre before 5,000 enthusiastic people, what the merchandise is conservative and valuable for the vintage scene, is no small feat. To have dignitaries, their own look and completely coordinate such talents, as the Montreal Fulton Group did, is also a big job. As guaranteed success, since the merchandise is sold by Fulton experts. — ANN WILSON, CANTON, ONTARIO

My dear Morris replies "My Chatterbox" of the documentary in background of the two editions show is well known — I passed the last to my uncle. What I

attempted to do was only two well-presented and — by new one information — major political events and discuss them. Since they were presented in a paper package, it seemed too much to discuss them publicly. Surely the political industry in Canada is mature enough to take criticism."

Good word for the Good Life

As a British emigrant of nearly 40 years and a constant customer for Saskatoon, we have only one word for 25 years. I express my thanks to Macdonald and welcome Louise to Saskatoon. The Global Life City is a refreshing to those of us who have worked for the city for most of our lives to read appreciation of our work, instead of the petty criticism we hear from a small but noisy minority of our citizens and the ultra-hygienized strands of no-nonsense ones — JOHN CARROLL, SASKATON

A most refreshing article of a people who appear to live in a world where greed, discrimination and racism have no place. These people show that fighting for their rights and working together can bring remarkable results. WENDY MARSH, SASKATON, ONT.

Speaking as a former Trudeau, Saskatchewan province recently with most any western U.S. city of life. It is a case of progress, culture and economic opportunity as a result of investment and stable leadership. — MARK O. HITCHCOCK, SASKATON, SASK.

You showed a picture of a cartoonist and described them as Ray Smith (Saskatoon). In fact there were two from St. John's School of Alberta. They had come from Red Deer, Alberta, down the Red Deer River to the junction of the Red Deer and South Saskatchewan Rivers. From there, they went up to the headwaters of the Red Deer, then upstream to Prince Albert. I know I was the chairman of one of the canoe shows and the other was a canoe show. — J. J. HARRIS, SASKATON, SASK.

Obviously, our government policy is under the direction of provincial, comfort, the young men, women and children.



"Scout" on the next! No, boys of St. John's School of Alberta "I am the secretary" — continued on next

Spread the 'Revolt'

Congratulations on *Trudeau's Attack*. You have done a service for all Canadian taxpayers, and Macdonald's readers should see that copies, usually mailed up to their political representatives. Trudeau must be rewarded for his public services. M. J. R. RICHMOND, MONTREAL

'Sensible' — too soon

Senator Keith Dineen's idea of moving Toronto and Montreal into provinces (Pittsburgh) is a far cry from what I was discussing for Adam Langer in his last bid to become mayor of Toronto in the early 1990s. I suggested this idea as a platform point. We dropped it as being politically impractical at that time. KATHY RIVETT, SASKATON

Trudeau trusts . . .

It is surprising to note that of The 30 Most Trusted Figures 15 are from Quebec. It certainly explains a lot. Bill on, next election! — J. COLLIER, OTTAWA

Was Walter Stewart trying to give Trudeau's Top 35 point to make this last issue's *Trudeau's Attack* in 17 out of 25 last? W. COLLIER, OTTAWA, ONT.

A letter reading your article I have been a supporter. With such a strong sense, the government cannot itself to represent, whose policy cannot be other than "everything and anything for Quebec and to help with the life of Canada." So because, the rest of Canada, can look forward to no interest being shown in our future, let us get on with the job. Give the 30 Most Trusted Figures to the people of Quebec as a separate article. Look the past and show why the day. — A. J. HARRIS, VANCOUVER

Obviously, our government policy is under the direction of provincial, comfort, the young men, women and children.

This unique camera makes pros... Konica Autoreflex T.

In designing the Konica Autoreflex T, our engineers had but one idea in mind: to make the finest single lens reflex camera in the world.

What they produced was a camera unique in its class. Unique for its revolutionary new residence—a combined Through-The-Lens and mirror reflex exposure control system—that gives perfect exposure automatically without needing watching in the viewfinder. Its TTL metering system is variable and adjusts precisely to any focal length of interchangeable lenses used—from wide angle to telephoto.

Plus Konica's superb line of accessories and incomparable Hexanon lenses, acknowledged by pros everywhere to be the finest. The Konica Autoreflex T is a camera that makes pros...and can make amateurs like pros. All you see it with confidence. See it at your nearest Konica dealer soon.

KONICA AUTOREFLEX T



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day have experienced poverty, insecurity or discrimination, it is unrealistic to believe that they can truly understand or correct the problems of Canadians suffering under their conditions.

WILLIAM SHAWMONT, MONTREAL, ALTA.

5 We at Manitoba know our hometown hero and have made good, and then we were at Marshall Crowe you published correctly down! Look like Crowe the army officer I met overseas at World War II or the Crowe who served at the UN while a member of Canada's External Affairs Department. How about a picture of the real Marshall Crowe? And while you're at it, tell us who the man is whose picture you published in your issue.

CHARLES BEEBE, WINNIPEG



Reader: Based on correct. The published photo (above left) was that of the late Dr. David Dundas Thomson, recipient of the McGill University award of the first of his death, October 20, 1984. The real Marshall Crowe is shown above right. Marshall's real photo is published in my issue.

'The forgotten children'

I congratulate you on a fine article. The Child Of The Struggle. I, too, am one of the "forgotten children." At 26 years of age, married with one child, I still carry the emotional scars that living with an alcoholic parent gave me. The man I married later became an alcoholic. I have found it difficult to help and friends I have been making all my life in Al-Anon are here that the family is not in there for the support of the alcoholic. One we realize that our behavior of past probably disappeared and we feel compassion for the suffering alcoholic. At long last I am truly happy and live life to the full.

(NAME WITHHELD), SAINT JOHN, NS

6 I am 78 and have been going to Alaska for the past year. My travel has not changed at stopped driving, but through Alaska I have changed. I know now that alcoholism is a disease and I have learned to detach myself from the problem emotionally. I am sure other children will also find a new way of life through this wonderful program.

(NAME WITHHELD), KILGORE, AL

7 This dramatic article will reach me early tonight. As the bewildered wife of an alcoholic, I walked two of my "forgotten children" middle and adolescent, and an early departure from home, too frightened and helpless to know where or how to seek help for our family.

(NAME WITHHELD), SAINT JOHN, NS

The daily routine. Hurried. Harried. On the run. Wouldn't it be nice to have an Escape Machine?



1970 Olds Delta 88 Royale, youngmobile thinking opens up the big-car world.

A nice place to be, the big-car world of Oldsmobile. Roomy. Relating. Very, very elegant. Turn the key and a Rocket 455 V-8 comes on strong in the performance department. And

stays strong—thanks to a new Oldsmobile exclusive: Positive Valve Rotators. Vinyl top. Fender louvers. Pinstriping. They're all standard also. You can even order a washer/wiper

control conveniently built into the gear selector lever—another thoughtful idea from Oldsmobile. Delta 88 Royale, one of 29 great Escape Machines for 1970. See them all at your Olds dealer's.

Oldsmobile: Escape from the ordinary.



**With CANADA MANPOWER CENTRES,
you've got more than just
the want ads working for you.**



At over 300 Canada Manpower Centres across Canada, you've got 3,300 counsellors working to find you the best job, or the best person for a job.

For you employers, we do more than help fill jobs you may ask us to fill. We keep alert to manpower supply and demand situations. We help you plan to meet your manpower needs, and adjust to the effects of technological change. We want to hear from you.

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This is Harold Cardinal, a Cree and perhaps the most charismatic Indian leader since Cochrane. He is telling you...

WHAT THE CANADIAN INDIAN WANTS FROM YOU

A Cree chief named Big Bear renounced the Indian Treaty of 1876 and assembled a band of warriors who would not settle on the reserves. These simple people did not understand that the vanishing

☛ The Canadian mosaic supposedly allows for the growth of different cultural groups as the basis for building a better Canada. The stronger the tiles within the mosaic, the stronger the mosaic as a whole. Before I can be a usefully participating and contributing citizen I must be allowed to develop a sense of pride and confidence in myself as an Indian. I must be allowed to be a red tile in the mosaic, not forced to become an unseen white tile ☛

BY JON RUDDY

Photographs by JIM TUSTIN

battle could no longer find them. They could not know that they were the last natives of the plains to experience the consolation of the New World and to move into the awful responsibility of time. Early in 1885, hungry and faced with a government ultimatum, they began to save bullets and furs as the religious delusions of Louis Riel, the Mitis leader. On April 2 some inflated young braves ignored the moderate counsel of Big Bear and massacred the white people at Frog Lake, a disaster that produced no other news for 54 years.

THE CREE RESERVE named Frog Lake is a three-hour drive east from Edmonton, near the Saskatchewan border. On September 8 Robert Staehle, because the first respondent who came over to visit its shaggy, one-room, one-way house. There to meet him were half the band's 579 treaty Indians and Harold Cardinal, president of the Indian Association of Alberta.

The people had come from small frame houses in horse-drawn wagons and rattling cars over dirt roads that were deep-rutted and washed out in the bellow, the men wearing shiny suits or bright, stiff blue jeans and plaid shirts, the women cotton dresses in the primary colors. Cardinal had driven from Edmonton in a borrowed Toyota with a thermos of coffee at his side. Staehle, who was on a four-day swing with his encourage through northern Alberta and Saskatchewan, had been persuaded to stay in to present business from the local council to three high-school students. Before he could get away, the Opposition Leader was subjected to an inflammatory, 50-minute speech by Harold Cardinal, the first 40 minutes of which were in untranscribed Cree.

At 24, Cardinal is the most articulate, perhaps already the

INDIANS continued

most powerful Indian leader in Canada. Ask an Alberta Cree about him and he'll say fervently, "Heold is a good boy." A Sheffield male named Joe Clark has a more sophisticated estimate. During Cardinal's address in Cree, he referred to an acquaintance, a little wistfully, that the Indian had "as fine a political instinct as I've ever seen." At a stroke Cardinal had bolstered the belief in members of the first-poor Frog Lake band — most members of which can speak English — and had demonstrated his racial pride, his awareness for Great White Fathers from Ottawa. The Indians liked Cardinal and his speech. Their eyes were bright, it was as though the paternal, mysterious words were repaid to their veins. But two local MPs, who had turned up to cultivate Sheffield rather than the Frog Lakers, looked progressively uncomfortable, uneasy, bored, impatient, annoyed and incredulous. And an agent from the Indian Affairs branch mentioned that Cardinal was being "difficult" again. "He's an enigma," the agent added fondly.

Cardinal has been known as difficult ever since he dropped out of university in 1967 to devote himself full-time to Indian politics. There's no doubt that he is difficult: he has consistently refused to fall in with government experts who profess to know what's good for him. But enigmatic he is not. Rather, he has been almost totally predictable. Whether he is being difficult about housing rights, residential payments or the plot of Ottawa's new Indian policy, all you have to do to anticipate Cardinal is ask yourself what is most desirable from an angry Indian's point of view. Not a white-liberal's point of view or a middle-class Melita point of view, but the point of view of an educated, studious, thirty Indian whose ancestors were pushed around, slaughtered and crowded and who now is out to get what he can for his people.

He wants complete medical coverage paid by the federal government, free and adequate educational facilities and the removal of all restrictions from what Indians believe are their criminal hunting, fishing and trapping rights. Cardinal also wants land and money. He points out that one treaty promised 640 acres for every family of five, or 160 acres for a single man. Instead of which, most of Alberta's 26,012 treaty Indians are crowded on 41 reserves, and 9,000 of them live on welfare. Cardinal is an advocate of Indian law, security of industry and big-wildlife farming. He wants Ottawa to provide the capital as a guarantee of other neglected treaty rights. He quotes as Indians (mostly in northern Alberta): "Then the government expect us to farm our land with our fingertips!"

Cardinal believes that the anger for what he hopes will be a quiet Indian revolution must come from the Indian people themselves. But, he adds, "There must be a revolution in the minds of white people to break down the barriers, the misconceptions, the bigotry and the racism. Do white people want us continually to rely on welfare for a bare existence? Do they want us to live as squats so that we can continue to fulfill the psychological needs of white dog-owners who feel they are glorifying God by sending an second-hand clothes?"

His paternal instinct and his enduring facility for being difficult have made Cardinal the unquestioned leader of Alberta's treaty Indians and the Great Red House of Can-

Cardinal has as fine a political instinct as I've ever seen," says an aide of Robert Stanfield's, wistfully

ada's native peoples. His book, *The Great Society*, scheduled for a late-November release by Edmonton publisher Mel Haring, sold more than 15,000 copies in minutes. By Christmas, Cardinal will be the most widely read Canadian Indian since Pauline Johnson. National leaders are already seeking him out. Stanfield insisted a generic meeting during his western trip. Most Indians on the nearest coast outside his youth are his high school education. "He speaks well in Cree and in English," said a Frog Lake grandmother. And, with uncommon accuracy, "Ah, he's a fine young fellow!"

In Hollywood, Cardinal would scarcely be cast as a native hero. Obedient and thick-skinned, quiet but quick to reply a laugh, he looks like a boy who has not yet lost his puppy fat. His speech is soft and hesitant — except as it is as an orator, when it is soft and assured. In Cree or English he has the gift of Demosthenes. At an Alberta Liberal Party convention a year ago in Calgary, he secured a 10-minute standing ovation for saying Ottawa, like supporters claim that he is the most persuasive Indian spokesman since Cuthbert. He wears his beaded buckskin jacket proudly, like a feather, but owns a downtown Edmonton apartment whose most conspicuous piece of furniture is a large and expensive color-television set. He disparages Indian Affairs bureaucrats but himself talks of "resource teams" and "visible alternatives" and has spent an inordinate amount of time setting up office systems and chains of command within his own organization.

Late 40s, treaty Indian, Herold Cardinal has been born by widely divergent cultures. Raised on the Sucker Creek reserve near the southwest shore of Lesser Slave Lake, he was one of 15 children, eight of whom died as infants. He has no knowledge of his ancestry. "We speak more of the future than of the past," he says, flanking his face with "I was extremely well treated by my folks and my brothers and sisters. I guess I was a little spoiled because the cows here before me died. The worst thing that ever happened to me was when I was sent away to residential school."

This was a Roman Catholic Indian school, 12 miles from the reserve. Cardinal spent 10 years there, which, he says, "looked out on to the way I feel about things." He found the black, regimentation oppressive. "There was a lot of preaching about brotherly love, but some was shown to me." Today, Cardinal's eyes brighten clearly at the very mention of the white-man's church, and the most vitriolic chapter of his book is about missionaries. "If the Gospel is dead, the Indian knows who killed her," it begins.

Home from school for weekdays and summer vacations, Cardinal survived as (un)agent at band council meetings. (His father, who speaks no English, was chief of the Sucker Creek reserve for many years.) The involvement was enough to prompt the boy to continue his education — not, however, at the band council school.

"I told the priest I was leaving and he got very hostile. He said that I was ungrateful and that I would not be able to get along in the city. At that time no student from the



INDIANS *continued*

never had successfully attended a white high school. He predicted that I would come back in a couple of months, begging for readmission. I sensed that my father was glad, however. He said it was my decision. Then he said, "You know, if you come home as a dropout, you must settle for the life we have." My old father is a proof that you don't have to be educated to be wise."

Cardinal, who at 56 had never seen a city much larger than Edmonton's St. Thomas Xavier High School, boarding with a congenial white couple living by Indian Affairs. The government paid him eight dollars a month speaking money. "Two things kept me going," he says. "What the priest said, and what my father said." During his final year at high school, Cardinal was elected president of the student council. A teacher reads him to bright, retentive, kind and a remarkably moving speaker at student assemblies. By this time he had decided to consent himself to the Indian cause.

At St. Patrick's College, the part of the University of Ottawa, Cardinal majored in sociology but spent most of his energy on Indian church organizations. He took a year off in 1966 to work for the Canadian United States, crossing the country four times and meeting other young Indian activists. He married a pretty Coast Salish girl from Vancouver Island, whom he'd met in Winnipeg at a Canadian Indian Youth Council workshop. (They now have a two-year-old son.) At the end of the 1967-68 term Cardinal dropped out of college to work for the then-governor Indian Association of Alberta. Astonishingly, he was voted in as president a month later. He was 23.

"I cannot promise you too many things," Cardinal told the association, Trudeau-style. But he quickly organized a team of 15 trained field representatives to leave with the (tribally based) bands. Within a year he put 25,000 miles on his station wagon, finally driving from meeting to meeting to persuade the Indian new police and staff at Edmonton and around the country, also convinced, also convincing — a white activist group ("Whitey" he says) to join under the spinners of Indians (he says). He spent a National Indian Brotherhood rejection of the Royal Commission on Indian Affairs Association ("Ochiei Temebewa"). He changed off the board of an Edmonton-based agency to market handicrafts in a few rate of books, having (told) to establish Indian needs. "Although the manager was genetically an Indian, whereas predominated on the board and had only a superficial understanding of the role of handicrafts in our culture," Mel Haring Cardinal's publisher, thoughtfully suggested.

A white moderate in the Red Power structure who finds the machinations of Kahn-Trent-Harris, for example, more racist, raising Cardinal nonetheless produces a more rational note for his people. His primary and self-determined desire "politics of assimilation and oppression," "white suppression



"We want the same as you: a better chance for our children, the option to choose our own pathway."

racism," "enriched bourgeoisie," "dogooders" and "attempts to keep us weak and fragmented." Indians must solve their own problems with white resources, he says, "because we have 100 years of history to prove that we can't look to the federal government or the dogooders for services."

Currently, his main concern is the presentation of what might be called a Red Paper: a common of Indian counter-proposals to a White Paper tabled in June by Indian Affairs Minister Jean Chretien. Cardinal believes that Ottawa's new policy — which would repeal the Indian Act, transfer Indian Affairs from federal to provincial jurisdiction and eliminate separate legal status for Indians — breaches the race with abrogation of its earlier promises treaty rights, even with "cultural genocide." Three chapters of The Open Society are an indictment of the policy and of past government consultations with Indian groups, which, says Cardinal, "stand exposed as the poorest hypocrisy," since the White Paper was conceived before Indian views could be formed.

Chretien disagrees. "I was making judgments while they were talking to me," the minister says. He insists that the government will respect important treaty rights and negotiate just settlements for land that has been taken away from the Indians and to return for the phasing out of such degrading situations in ancient treaties as the presence of self with and twice. The Cardinal's charge that he is a racist, however, taken up by civil-servant leaders. Chretien replies, "It's true that I was not the Minister of Indian Affairs before, so I had much to learn. I visited 30 reserves in 18 months and was absolutely available in Ottawa. To Harold and all Indians I have said only what I found in my heart. Indians told me, 'Let us make the decision.' Now we want to turn the reserves over to the Indians. Harold has always been against the Department. We want to phase it out. I know that Harold is working very hard for his people. We can disagree, but I am a bit surprised by his attack on the book."

Some and summary of Cardinal's political position, the book could scarcely be more proudly of its author's own decorated with paragoning gifts: Treaties, education, welfare, religion — first-hand experience and hypocrisy in every area of confrontation are bitterly said, on the whole, jealously attacked. He demonstrates how even those whites who have meant well have done badly by the Indians, and why such serious phrases as "our two founding peoples" alienate the few Canadians "As long as Indian people are expected to become what they are not — white men — there is no basis on which they can meaningfully participate in Canadian society," he notes. "Before I can be a useful participant and contributing citizen I must be allowed to further develop a sense of pride and confidence in myself as an Indian. I must be allowed to be a real life in the [Canadian] mosaic, not forced to become an imposter and replaced white life." □

1970: JUMP-OFF YEAR FOR THE SKIING MILLION



BY MARJORIE HARRIS

HERE'S A MYTH in skiing circles that says "If you can get them by 10, you've hooked them for life." Unfortunately, that wasn't true for me. I skied for eight years, from age 10 to 18, in that period I twisted both knees and both ankles, never changed my skis, only bought bigger boots when I absolutely had to, I got lots of dates, but I never did learn to ski, and never quite recovered from the paralyzing terror of just going down a hill with eyes shut, arms clapping.

My kind of skier — inept, but so so bawny — bawny coops any more, thank heaven. In the early 1950s, when I skied, there weren't many people on the slopes. Most of them were Europeans with a relaxed tolerance toward unwitting doers like myself. It's all changed. Today we're right in the middle of a huge ski boom. There are almost a million Canadian skiers, and they increase their numbers by about 17 percent annually. That's a bonanza by anybody's standards. And that figure does not take into account the American tourists who flock north to enjoy our super-skiing conditions. Nor does it include the, as yet, uncounted thousands whose lifestyles and incomes are affected by the ski industry: the lift operators, the club, hotel, motel and lodge

operators, their entertainers and employees, the ski shops, the clothing stores, the governments that make huge sums of money on liquor consumed, and the customs and excise taxes on imported ski goods, or the Canadian subsidiaries of ski-equipment manufacturers.

Keith Nesbitt, general manager of the C.A.S.A. (Canadian Amateur Ski Association) estimates that skiers alone buy 15 million gallons of gas each winter, and spend incalculable sums on groceries, booze, furnishings, equipment and skis. "A place like St. John's, Quebec," he forecasts, "would be a depressed town if it weren't for the ski area near there. Skiing contributes to every aspect of its commercial life during the winter months. In fact, the Laurentians would be dead without ski dollars."

Skiing as a national obsession is somewhat ahead of golf and bowling, which was once Canada's biggest participatory sport. And it has shot ahead of curling, the only real rival skiing has in winter sports.

Skiing didn't become a national sport overnight. After the war it leaped along in the minor leagues. In 1956 Lucile Wheeler won Canada's first Olympic medal for skiing and in the following year sales of ski equipment went up 20 percent. The



sport stayed on the "beginner" slopes in the 1950s, but headed for faster runs when Anne Haggard won her Olympic gold medal in 1960. That event paved the way for the hysterical adulation of Nancy Greene and her second World Cup in 1968. The CMA estimates that the number of Ontario Ski League members in junior racing programs started last year to train children from eight to 13 for competition will double this year from 4,500 to 8,000 because of her influence.

Government agencies, with a few exceptions, have more or less stopped skiing until this season. Quebec's Ministry of Tourism has been largest in the business of keeping tabs on skiing. They've found that ski season in the Laurentians alone has accounted for 60 percent of its tourist income — reversing the traditional summer figures.

In 1966 the Ontario government conducted the only survey infatigable of skiing. Bursness has been so good that they've updated their figures this year. Their research shows that 50 percent of the people who ski are university educated; the average income of an unskied skier is \$5,156, a skied skier, \$14,926, two thirds of the skiers are male, the average age is 27, 25.4 percent are involved in professions, 26.4 percent are students and 6.4 percent are in managerial positions. Seventy-five percent of their skiing today have taken it up within the past 10 years, and Ontario has approximately 1,000,000 skiers spending \$22 million annually. Extrapolate that amount into a national sum and you have \$168 million in equipment and lift fees alone.

This year the federal government's Travel Bureau is up to its neck in the skiing business. It produced a brochure, "Ski Canada," by ski ski expert, Tony Stone, and distributed 200,000 copies in the U.S.

Skiers' "top-down" sales are available on the sport for similar reasons. As Nancy Greene puts it: "When there's not a look in sight and the sun is shining on powder snow, it's incredible — you can get things in their proper perspective." It's something you can do successfully in the cold Canadian winter, and you get to wear a lot of extra-skinny gear. They say, "What skiers don't say is that the club is spreading so fast among the middle class, it's becoming not just another method of making social contacts, but important for business contacts. So basically, though it's a means of enjoying the city and seeing some of the most staggeringly beautiful landscape in the world. It will be like that when I wasn't learning how to ski, and it is like that today."



Locations: 50 areas from Labrador to the Bahamas

Canada offers every variety of skiing. There are more than 50 major ski areas in the country. Cross-country skiing is picking up, so often if there aren't giant hills in your neighborhood, there will probably be snow at least. Cross-country doesn't have the same kind of glamour as downhill, but the fresh air and the sporting qualities are the same.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Vancouver's Whistler Mountain is making a bid for the 1970 Winter Olympics. Its promoters have spent almost half a million dollars already in lobbying to be decided in Italy and they have spectacular plans. It has the highest lift serviced vertical drop in North America (1,280 feet). Parts of the mountain are accessible only by helicopter or fixed-lifts, a mile. But that's in winter snow and it's a terrible run free peak to base. Work is already under way or planned for future giants: Rainbow Mountain, Powder Mountain and Whistler Ridge. The interior of the province has six other major areas, plus the Bahamas made famous most recently by holiday visits from Prime Minister Trudeau and Nancy Greene. The Bahamas are accessible only by helicopter and the larger accommodations 30 people. As one addict put it: "You'd have to take me somewhere else to prove there could be anything better than that."

ALBERTA: The province has five major areas. Superb skiing almost everywhere in the province. This year for the first time Gold Springs Hotel and Jasper Park Lodge are opening their state-of-the-art, heated doors to skiers. They promise a general lowering up of the ski season. Control of the Lake Louise area was purchased a year ago by a group of Canadian-skier

businessmen, who promise to make it the of 151 commercial resorts. The biggest boom is in the Lakehead region — on

SASKATCHEWAN: A surprise perhaps, but one of big hills and good skiing that's it. Saskatchewan has three skiing areas. The best is in the northwest, near Saskatoon and more complex, each year. Several for the 1971 Winter Games.

MANITOBA: It has some major ski areas, but because — the ski season does still and in at least one of them last year these hold sway. But facilities get better every year. 60 people in 30 ski-year hills at Metchosin, Kesteven and low-level weather. The atmosphere is casual. Everywhere snowmaking is used, more areas than anywhere. Skiers can be doing their work, promoting outfits with the majority of skiers check a complete December to April season

QUEBEC: The most densely populated province in the country. You can ski on road food and wine in all 21 major ski areas in the Laurentians and Gaspésie, and in the other 12 located in the Eastern Townships and Quebec City area. The skier has the longest ski season in the east and the proximity of the area allows a unique opportunity to ski free hills on one ticket. Mont Ste. Anne, a jobski resort, has the last natural snow of the year in Quebec.

ATLANTIC PROVINCES: Much new work has been done in the past five years, and thousands have gone ski-crazy. The season is from January to April. There are nine major areas here in Newfoundland, two in

New Brunswick, the rest in Nova Scotia. Accommodation is scarce but trailers can be rented for the season and bachelors take in shorts on the weekends. The most recent wins, Lunenburg City, Lunenburg City, were bagged the Iron Ore Co., of Canada to open a ski hill and it is highly successful.

For the first time this year, an outfit called Skies is making it possible for ski organizations to charter national flights at reduced rates. Their destination is western Canada and they hope to convince clubs that might have gone to the U.S. and Europe, to fly to our own magnificent resorts instead.



Gark: anyone's a Greene or Killy... if it's not chilly

With a million skiers heading for the slopes, the lineup begins in August. In November the over-the-top part. From

L to R: Sparrow ski suit from Sparrow & Quince, \$165. Ernst Engel jumpsuit, \$90. Hancock pro boots, men's suit by Hood,

\$180. from Sparrow & Quince. Large boots from Merrells, Toronto. \$165. Ernst Engel 2 piece suit from Catons, \$70.



Mores: the skiing graces have their ups and downs

1. Skiers always tell you how easy it is to make contacts on the slopes. Don't believe it. They are a pretty lot and they make appointments to meet on the lifts. Married skiers don't mix with singles, who don't mix with recent or never, who just have to get along as best they can. But this does not necessarily apply to women.
2. Hotties are everywhere, an absolute to females who really want to ski. They are as exciting as husbands are any where, cross, boring and dull.
3. Remember that the guy who looks super sleek in ski gear isn't going to look nearly as good in his less-well-tailored clothes. Be prepared.
4. Don't wear a wig on the hill. It's embarrassing when it gets caught on the ski lift.
5. A married woman who talks on the slopes should stop her wedding ring off with her glove, or she will never get any help.
6. The biggest problem is the lift line. Sports and little kids will try and muscle their way ahead of you just because they don't don't mean they have manners. It's an answer to look back.
7. If you think the entire lift line is looking at you as you come down the hill — they are. Behind those innocent smiles they are being hyper-critical. Skiers by nature are envious.
8. One way to beat the crowd is through lunch. You will have to compete with hotdogs and peas.
9. Before it even looks like snow, spend three lunch hours hanging around a good specialty shop picking up the so popular Japan. Otherwise, you'll spend your time thinking that "cheat" The more a ski makes at high speed means a better group.
10. If you break a leg, remember, you can spend the rest of the winter at the lodge, living about your accident and enjoying winter at its best.



A tyro's muses: lessons, money, trust and medicare

1. Trust your starter. Skibuff friends are available, but all skiers consider themselves experts, so don't let them influence you unduly. Find a professional expert who will know what's right for you.
2. Boots must be fitted by an expert, and there's where the biggest share of your ski dollar should go. If your feet aren't comfortable, you won't enjoy the sport or make much progress. Buy for your level of accomplishment.
3. Skip. The old saw that your ski should

be as long as the distance measured by holding your arm up to full height is a lot of hokey. Your height, weight and ability determine the size of ski you should buy. Most dealers now recommend shorter skis for the tyro — they give more flexibility and they make learning easier. The short, short ski is great for the learner, but not much else.

4. Bindings. You must have a binding that releases from both a twisting fall and a straightforward fall. Here it custom set.

5. Money. A beginner who isn't sure how often he will ski can rent skis, or be satisfied quite reasonably. Plan on \$40-\$50 for boots, plus wood skis, release

bindings and poles in the \$50-\$60 range. The new epoxy boots at \$166 are for those who are super-keen and confident, but spending \$300 on a pair of boots is a good investment. They'll last longer, give better lateral support and you will improve faster with them. Excellent resale value if you break a leg, or change your mind.

6. Lessons. Try to take at least a group of three lessons to get your basics. A full week at a ski school is preferable.

7. Join a ski club. You can get a complete ski school package reasonably, you'll make contacts, less, but cheaper accommodations, but hours through one. There are almost 300 clubs allied with the CSA alone.



Rochelle's skibuff friend, \$175. This is a city inner liner boot for après ski. It's on a gravel Gersbach binding. \$60. Both from Watersheds Sports. Photo from Aeroback.

Ski types: pros, snow addicts, bunnies and bums

Every skier has its type. Perhaps because skiing is a group adventure, they are easy to identify and label, even for non-skiers.

THE PRO. Unless you see him early in the morning, you won't see any of the elite camps of the Canadian ski instructors' Alliance. They will be giving lessons and are considered among the best in the world at doing so. The CSA, has 1,500 members and when it held its conference in Toronto recently many Americans came to get to know their Canadian counterparts and to get the word on the Canadian technique, which is unique across the country. Many of the pros have opened specialty shops. They test all the equipment they sell at least a year in advance, some spend a lot of time on different slopes during the season. Some ski schools and clubs would have to compete for several package deals. The competitiveness in manufacturing ski equipment, they say, keeps the dollars there, and they all want to give something back to a sport they dearly love.

THE AGENT. In the 25-and-up age, and financial bracket. Superb skier. The kind of person who can hold down a very responsible job but, once the season starts, his weekends stretch from Thursday to Tuesday without any snow, he shuffles up in the job. The future owner of a super chalet, maybe even a resort. Possessor of the latest in \$200 skis. The kind of person who changes gear every two years at most, who has options on the latest equipment even before the season begins, spends his holidays skiing in Canada or Europe and more recently, the Alps.

THE HOTSHOT. In the 16-25 age bracket. Skis the way he drives his car but not. Sports the newest gaming

equipment and wears the most outlandish clothes — jeans, sweats, leather vests and so on. He skis fast, looks good and probably knows all the Canadian slopes he can get to easily. But isn't on the European trip stage yet. He is certainly well-informed. The kind of person who will grill a salesman for two hours before the season opens and check back with his own corrections. He might turn into an addict. If he jobs a job or a ski bum, it's not.

THE SKI BUM. Sometimes he is for the ski bum, he is actually doing out of high school or university. He goes skiing on his Christmas holidays and just can't stop. He's seldom married, lives in Alberta, is a plumber all summer, works double time, and the season starts and then, being the best person in the world, he skis the winter. Maybe five, six or 10 ski bums will rent a lodge and bunk in together for the season, taking any job low enough, low lips, whatever — anything to keep skiing. Costumes a must.

THE RECREATIONAL SKIER. Families have accounted for almost 65 percent of the sales in the past five years. It's astonishing how many kids are learning around in expensive clothes and good equipment. Since skiing is a car sport, it's ideal for family savings. You can tell the family skier by the patience they display, at first the kids refuse to ski, then they outstrip the adults. They also skip all the way home, while the Old Man battles traffic and snow and buses. Family rates at clubs are so attractive that families can ski inexpensively. The family skier tends to take holidays at Christmas and Easter — a time the resort benefits avoid the slopes if at all possible.

Warm-up suits: staying warm while looking cool

Skiers who wouldn't have been caught in a January morning, warm up suit last year are now accepting them on a scale from L to R. For cost \$475, jumpsuit \$155, green suit \$155 by Hest Sports, men's 2-piece warm-up by Fustip, \$165 — all from Broder & Quarks. Most real below hip. Surprised, you'll find a skier's one touch of glamour. Bottom: Lenses new epoxy boot is a best seller. Standard \$125. □



THE DEATH OF A SEAGULL

BY JON RUDDY

It is not unusual to say when the gull began to die. Perhaps the beginning was inside a grey shell spotted with brown and black in a coarse nest of rocks and grass, for the poison is in every living thing. But after 21 days there was a tapping noise and a crackling and struggling as the bird, wet and scrawny and eager, became a part of the world.

The gull was born hungry for fish flesh, where the poison is concentrated. It ate voraciously and one day in mid-summer left the nest, flapped into the air and screamed away. The brown bird knew instinctively how to glide on thermals, how to descend feet-first and pluck dead fish from the surface of the water. On and over the water and the shore it survived a winter and another and another. It packed once a year and turned white by degrees, and its pinkish legs turned yellow.

The fourth summer was the last. In late July and early August a new generation of birds leaves the nests and food becomes scarce. Under stress, the mature gull began to burn up its body fat, where the poison was stored. And there must have been a moment when, wheeling and mewing over the water, it felt the first tentative squeeze of pain.

Dichloro-diphenyl-trichloro-ethane is a pink powder with a flesh loamy smell, like a wet field in March. Mixed with water and sprayed into the air, DDT kills



Photography by Peter Dunn



SALLY JONES did. She lost \$500 in South on her Florida vacation. Pity. For \$5, she could have taken the \$500 in American Express Travelers Cheques. Got her money back—and some right on enjoying her trip.

Don't make Sally Junis' mistake when you travel. Don't stuff your wallet full of cash. Because lost or stolen cash could hatch up the vacation you've looked forward to all year.

Why take such a crazy risk, when for a couple of bucks you can carry American Express Travelers Checks?

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SHOULD WE HAUL DOWN THE FLAG IN ADDIS ABABA?



BY WALTER STEWART

Why don't we dismantle the Canadian diplomatic corps, close down most of our missions abroad, and put the \$75 million it costs to run the Department of External Affairs every year to better use? Do we really need 815 diplomats, administrators and technicians and 1,466 clerks and stenographers running around Ottawas and 86 foreign missions on generous pay, with even more generous allowances? Certainly we need ambassadors in Moscow and Washington, in Paris and London, but will our interests suffer if we are entering from that reception in Addis Ababa next week, or if our man in Helsinki fails to telegraph home the news we have already read in the *New York Times*? We all know what a diplomat is — he is the man in striped trousers, whom we send abroad to drink cocktails and lie for his country, why don't we bring him home, remove the cocktail glass from his clenched fingers, slip him into a business suit and set him to work at honest toil?

These are not frivolous questions. They have been posed, in different words, by Prime Minister Trudeau, who said in a television interview early

this year, "I think the whole concept of diplomacy today . . . is a little bit outmoded. I believe much of it goes back to the early days of the telegraph, when you needed a dispatch to know what was happening in country A, whereas now you can read it in a good newspaper." They have been answered by Professor James Elays, professor of International Relations at the University of Toronto, a critic whose views carry considerable weight with the Prime Minister, and who says of the Department of External Affairs: "Most of its postings are expendable. Much of its work is redundant. Many of its officials are unnecessary."

Elays' views have been echoed even inside the department he treats so bluntly. Last spring, a group of junior foreign-service officers sought a meeting with their superiors to raise a complaint that was put by one of them in roughly these words: "We think we are the highest-paid unemployed persons in Canada — how long is this going to go on?" The crisis was met, feelings were soothed, assurances were given, but the question was never answered, because the brass had no more idea than the young rebels.

The Department of External Affairs is in trouble. The glamorous department of government since the end of World War II, it finds itself today under attack from the outside, racked by change and uncertainty on the inside and girded about by what one young diplomat described as "a general malaise, a feeling that we don't know what the hell we're doing or where the hell we're going." When the Prime Minister announced government belittling measures this August, he singled out foreign affairs as an area in which spending has

doubled in the past 10 years and would, left to itself, double again in the next five. That will not be allowed to happen; of the five new missions to French-speaking countries scheduled for this year, only one will have been opened by the end of the year, there will be layoffs in the foreign service; some missions will be closed and others cut back. On top of all this, the policies the department has been defending for a number of years have been abruptly reversed, and department officials find themselves locked in a struggle with the Prime Minister's office over control of future policies.

The Prime Minister's office is going to win that struggle; it has already taken over foreign-policy initiatives. The decision to move toward recognition of Red China, the decision to cut back our commitment to NATO, the decision to re-evaluate Canada's entire foreign stance all represent abrupt departures from past form, departures engineered in the Prime Minister's office and actively resisted by at least some of the department brass. One senior official told me bitterly, "Our own government is firing at us from the flank . . . Trudeau is running his own foreign policy; he isn't listening to us. Well, that's all right, but it's very expensive to have a big department like this and not to use it . . . On these decisions [he was referring to NATO and Red China] we have been saying one thing for years and now we're doing another . . . We have been made to look like fools."

Not all diplomats agree. Another man, with the rank of assistant under-secretary, commented, "We recognize that Canada's first priorities today are, and should be, domestic, and we're ready to adjust to a change in our role. In fact, a lot of us are

When bombs threatened Cairo, Canada stood guard with \$25

worth of sand buckets. Now External itself is under political fire

EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

continued

happy to see the bureaucrats shaken up" [the struggle of the maddeningly rapidity of the bureaucracy during the early Arab-Israeli war in 1967, John Starnes, our ambassador to Cairo (now head of the RCMP security and intelligence directorate), became concerned that the embassy might be set on fire by a bomb, and wanted to buy some additional fire extinguishers for protection. They would have cost more than \$100, and an ambassador cannot spend more than \$25 without a clearance from Ottawa, so Starnes called home for permission. External Affairs replied, making the reason for the purchase, Starnes replied,

explaining about the war, the department replied, wanting to know more about costs and quantities, and was there any cheaper way to do the thing? Meanwhile, of course the war was raging, so Starnes, disgruntled, took the \$25 he could spend on his own authority and sent out for a supply of tin tacks; he had some of them filled with sand and some with water, and distributed them around the embassy. And that's how Canada stood its ground in Cairo.]

Another who welcomes the prospect of change is Ed Ritchie, Canada's ambassador in Washington, a large man of deceptive gentleness and inner toughness

who is one of the diplomatic corps' brightest lights. Ritchie told me, "There is no question that the role of the embassy has changed and will go on changing, but that doesn't mean we are useless — if we adapt, we can easily be useful in probably increased."

Ritchie underscored a point made by at least half a dozen diplomats I talked to, that the foreign service is under attack all across the Western world. In the U.K., the Defence Commission recently suggested radical reorganization of the Foreign Office. In the U.S., President Nixon's White House staff is taking over more and more of the functions of poli-

cy formation from the State Department. In a world interlarded by airplanes, television, radio and newspapers, there is, naturally, a diminished role for the ambassador, whose personal dispatches were once his nation's only link with foreign lands.

The decline of the diplomat has been especially painful in Canada because of the historical accident that after World War II we were propelled into a central role on the world stage. Through the 1950s we wielded the influence of a nation power, and we wielded it with nerve and skill, with the onset of the 1960s, with the emergence of new nations and

the mastery of old ones, we have been relegated to a role closer to our natural one, as a third-rate power. The change is hard to take, the world that seemed so straightforward on the eve of June 30, 1956 doesn't really care what we think about Vietnam today. (If anybody knows what we think about Vietnam today.)

There is a natural tendency to think that, dormant, somebody must be to blame for this fall from grace, and it is probably the Department of External Affairs, those diplomats who drink and lie and waste money for a living, and don't really care if millions of babies are starving in Biafra. (One diplomat, shortly

The day of a diplomat: cocktails, but no cookies

The worst thing you can call a diplomat is "cookie-pusher," implying that he does nothing all day but finger nibbets across a cocktail tray. Canadian foreign-service officers do attend cocktail parties — but they do a great many other things, too, as you can see by following one day in the life of a middle-ranking diplomat, Arthur Kroeger. Kroeger, 37, is a native of Naco, Alberta, a former Rhodes scholar who has served in Geneva, New Delhi and Ottawa, and is stationed now in Washington. He is busy, bright, dedicated, and his day's work shows little waste motion.



Kroeger's day begins in haste in Massachusetts Ave. embassy from his nearby home where he lives with wife and two children. He arrives to check papers for new dispatches to effect Canada



A staff conference in the embassy library before department heads together. Kroeger reports on confidential NATO peacekeeping; he also serves as secretary to conference, chaired by Ambassador Ed Ritchie (on his right)

After a series of meetings and phone checks, Kroeger puts his feet up for a sandwich and a beer down in his chauffeur office. Still working attention are jobs of paperwork, which must be squeezed into the odd moments of his busy afternoon

Less formal meeting with Ambassador Ritchie and Peter Tovey, Canadian minister follows conference. Subject: arrangements for a defense staff visit and arrival of a party of Canadian parliamentarians



Afternoon begins with a trip to the airport to greet visiting Canadian defense chiefs, later to discuss NATO changes with U.S.



Kroeger hurries from Capitol after attending a hearing of a Senate subcommittee. One of his jobs is to report such hearings and to stress their impact on policy



Like many a diplomat's day, but one ends with a cocktail party. The embassy plans first in a group of visiting MPs to watch children's play and group from home



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EXTERNAL AFFAIRS continued

"Tell me I don't care about Biafra and I will punch you in the nose"

after I began to interview him, answered, "If you tell me I don't care about what is going on in Biafra, I am going to punch you in the pudden nose." I took that as a hopeful sign. One of his colleagues, however, said, "You get the feeling in this department that whenever you raise a moral issue — whether a thing is right or wrong, as opposed to whether it is justified or unjustified — that you are somehow being 'below the belt'."

The Department of External Affairs is getting its lumps today, some of them fairly deserved, for its timidity, its reluctance to adapt to a changing world, its bureaucratic bloody-mindedness. But does that make the diplomat redundant? To answer that, it is necessary to know what he does.

For one thing, he attends a great many cocktail parties. "We often make useful social contacts there," explains Vernon James, who has served in Indonesia, Indonesia, Poland, and the U.S. "Sometimes we actually get work done. Businessmen give cocktail parties because they find them useful... well, so do diplomats."

He does, occasionally, drop striped trousers to protest his credentials or attend somebody's national day, but striped trousers are not essential to his craft. "All the monkey suit means to me," says one seasoned diplomat, "is a

\$400 investment in something I don't want and seldom use." Ross Francis, who has been in the External Affairs Department since 1954, his only worn striped trousers once — "and that was to my own wedding."

He does file a great many non-press-relevant dispatches from his post abroad back to Ottawa. Every month the communications section of the department processes about 10,000 telegrams (the actual count for August, one of the quietest months of the year, was 3,197 telegrams received, 3,281 sent), some of them short, but most long, some intended for other government departments, but most addressed to the helping files of diplomatic desk officers. A great many of these dispatches are waste motion, some are merely reviews of states that have already appeared in the newspaper. (During the strike that closed down the New York Times, I was told, there was a rushback drop in diplomatic telegraph traffic.) But a great many contain information not available elsewhere, or which is disseminated by the seasoned judgment of trained observers. During the riot that followed the slaying of Martin Luther King, our Washington embassy prepared a thorough analysis of what was going on, and what this kind of civil strife could mean to Canada, a report ultimately taken to heart by the Prime Minister and reflected in his pub-

lic concern that civil unrest could wash across the border. It is so in information-gathering role, however, that diplomacy has been outstripped by modern communications. When the Canadian embassy in Vienna was bombed in August, Ottawa kept track of what was going on by following the wire services, and reporters who phoned the External Affairs office for details were read the latest dispatches from Canadian Press. It is the information role. Traditionally right was when he referred to diplomacy as "hardcore."

But information-gathering is only one part of what an embassy does. In Washington, Ambassador Ritchie estimates, his staff spends between two and 10 per cent of its time reporting; the rest is devoted to the other sorts of diplomatic counselor work, trade promotion, propaganda, negotiation and policy advice.

When a Canadian traveling abroad loses his passport, or runs out of money, or throws in the towel and asks for help to the Canadian embassy. During the Arab-Israeli war, while Ambassador Sturges was leading his way through the jungles of bureaucracy in search of his exiles, he was at the same time approving the sale of surplus Canadian goods — tennis rackets, business suits — trapped in the arms of conflict. When Rudolph Holzer, a Czech-Canadian, was arrested during a return visit to Czechoslovakia this year, our embassy in Prague helped him with legal counsel and followed the trail closely to help him to the Czech government on concern that he be fairly treated. Sometimes the diplomat does his best work by not intervening. Once, a consular official recalls, a Canadian charged with a minor offense was under house arrest in a remote province of a Far Eastern country. The consul reasoned that, left to himself, the man could find his prosecutor to drop the charge, but if the embassy became involved, the matter would get to the level at which bribery was impossible. So he took no official action and, sure enough, the man brought his way to freedom for the price of a new passport.

Although they seldom get much credit for it, Canadian diplomats are active in promoting export trade, and sometimes their special skills prove unusual. Not long ago, a Canadian telephone contract in Turkey. The company was holding in the deal, since it did not know whether the equipment it was offering was considered satisfactory, or the price fair. Our first secretary in Ankara went to call on

HOW MUCH IS THAT IN FRANCE?

Keeping Canadian diplomats abroad is expensive, not only in salaries but also in allowances. Most of the cost of the Department of External Affairs is taken up by what it would not be used to send a middle-ranking diplomat to Paris for a year. This hypothetical man, first secretary in the Paris embassy, has a wife and two children, one attending school in France, the other finishing university in Canada. Here is how it worked out:

Salary	\$21,873.00
Foreign-service allowance	7,116.00
Dependent allowance	300.00
Transfer allowance	100.00
Rental allowance	6,000.00
Cost of shipping his car	482.85
Education allowance for child in France	1,800.00
Education allowance for child in Canada	2,400.00
Return air fare for child's holiday visit	620.00
Hospitality allowance, indirect (not accountable)	2,160.00
Hospitality allowance, direct (must be accounted for)	3,219.00
Total	\$43,846.85

All of the allowances are free of income tax and are, therefore, worth a good deal more. Other foreign secretaries receive housing for about a dozen families, expenses for about \$1.25 a month, the right to purchase a car free of excise duty, and interest paid to run it on.

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EXTERNAL AFFAIRS continued

a government official said, during their visit, the official made a telephone call in Turkish—which he pronounced, wrongly, the first secretary did not understand—from which the diplomat gathered that the Canadian equipment was highly rated, and that a competitive bid would win the contract. He reported to the Canadian embassy, which passed it on and concluded the deal.

The propaganda aspects of so embiggening an even more difficult to negotiate than its trade role, they include everything from far-reaching stories of Canadian life to interested school groups, to exploring Canadian policy to lobby efforts. When Canada wanted to open negotiations with Iraq, Chua, our Washington embassy was hard-pressed to explain our change of stance, which was bound to involve severing ties with Taiwan something we had said repeatedly we would not do. Not all our explanations were well received. The day after the policy change was announced, Ambassador Kikula, who was fighting a bout of pneumonia in a Washington hospital, discovered that his name was a Taiwanese. "Why do you people not like my people any more?" he wanted to know. Kikula did his diplomatic best to explain. He cited the complexities of world politics, his own high regard for the people of Taiwan, his hope that there would be no hard feelings—but to no avail. The name bureaucracy ordered him to sell over and administered an injection of penicillin to a tender portion of his chest over with all the vigor of an outraged parent. "Let no man contend," says Ambassador Kikula. "But I have not sold for Canada."

Diplomats also play a role in the process of government-to-government home-trading. Although politicians may decide, in a general way, that we want a fishing treaty with Japan or an auto trade pact with the U.S., hammering out the details can be an incredibly complex process, and the drawing of the final agreement may involve 15 or 20 drafts and engage the skills of a score of lawyers, trade officials and diplomats for months. Diplomats are experts at trading out the nature of phrasing, whether it is important or is the trifling detail that is usually a part of international politics. They are trained to discuss the difference between a government's "strong concern" (upset, but not about to act) and "grave concern" (wakeup call). U.S. stationed and without John. They once noted, "There are three species of creatures who, when they were working too long, when they were going, they come diplomats, warms and crabs." The capacity to delay, to open up, to trade sideways to an elusive seems to be outside one of the least attractive qualities of the diplomat—but it beats throwing hands.

Today, negotiation is being taken over more and more by the politicians, and this is one of the factors that works to diminish the diplomat. When cabinet members can fit from cabinet to cabinet, when press ministers and presidents can exchange views directly at will, the ambassador's already taken a back seat. He does not, however, get out of the car. Before our Minister of Trade and Commerce flies to Washington to press for more Canadian oil exports, our diplomats have spent days and weeks preparing the way, if they do their job well, his chances of success are enormously enhanced, if they do not, his reason may be doomed even before he leaves Ottawa.

Many functions, like negotiation, is becoming a matter of more direct concern to government leaders. Prime Minister Trudeau has set up a small office of foreign experts of his own, led by two former diplomats: Iona Hurd, his legislative counsel, and Michael Corbett, deputy secretary to the cabinet. ("One of our most interesting diplomatic failures," an External Affairs official told me, "was our failure to establish a link with Iran (Hurd)." When Canada wanted to arrange for relief flights to Beirut, the matter was taken entirely out of the hands of the diplomats, and Hurd flew directly to Lagos to negotiate with the Nigerians. The official, on-the-ground view of External Affairs is that co-operation between the sides in close and cordial, as always, but all the record, an official complained to me about "all these people taking around the PMO (Prime Minister's office) and coming at us."

In one sense it is natural that Prime Minister Trudeau should take over more control of foreign policy, he is not, like Lester Pearson, a former diplomat whose faith in External Affairs is absolute.

continued on page 42

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EXTERNAL AFFAIRS continued

But there are other factors at play. One is Trudeau's determination not to be stopped by any bureaucracy, to have what his principal secretary, Miss Lalonde, calls "his own impulse for policy." Another is his distrust of the department since its solid reputation that there was nothing Canada could or should do about. Finally, he proved unacceptable to so many Canadians. "Bulfinch was our key of Pigeon," one diplomat told me. Certainly it marked the decline of External Affairs Minister Mitchell Sharp. Finally, the Prime Minister reflects a powerful public impatience with diplomacy in general, a feeling commented by Prof. James E. Davis that "the profession of diplomacy is an ancient profession, full of hypocrisy."

It is doubtful whether Canada is any more interested or hypocritical than any other profession—say, politics, for a start—but certainly at the moment it is unpopular and thus open to attack, whether that attack is in fact or not. One of the reasons our diplomats must live as they do while most Canadians support expanding foreign-aid programs, they regard the increase of foreign-service efforts to administer that spending as wasteful and extravagant.

The Canadian diplomat is obviously diminishing. The decline in his role as reporter, negotiator and policy adviser is bound to be reflected in retrenchment of the External Affairs Department. But that does not mean the department is finished or that diplomacy is outmoded. We will always need experts abroad to perform the tough day-to-day tasks of diplomacy, to promote trade and agriculture and to always read lasting posts around the world, for a Canadian government to decide, for instance, whether to assist our geo-strategic interests in Cyprus on the basis of newspaper reports would be quite clearly insane. We will always need the machinery to explain Canada's needs to foreign capitals. We will always need the experience and advice of one of the best foreign-service organs in the world as a basis for policy decisions.

This year, Canada will spend \$48,133,400 to operate External Affairs (the rest of the department's \$75-million budget pays membership in such organizations as the UN). What have we got for our money? Well, we have kept in direct touch with 106 foreign heads, we have resisted not in friendship from Colombia, Ceylon, to Kampuchea, Jamaica, we have attempted to extend and expand our role in Asia, Africa and South America, and it has cost us less to do this for a year than the Department of Defense will pay to develop a single hydrofoil sub-battle. All in all, the money we spend on diplomacy may be one of the best bargains our government ever gets for it. □

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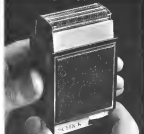
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Morgan White Rum



Perhaps it could never have been Pearson, Jackson and Conacher. But there's no doubt the NHL lost the services of a lifelong lover of the game when LESTER PEARSON left to make his name in another arena. Here, in an edited interview, the former Prime Minister talks about old pros and modern cons as he picks

PEARSON'S ALL-TIME, ALL-STAR HOCKEY TEAM



My earliest recollections of hockey go back to when I was five or six years old. I really don't remember when, in the wintertime, I was trudging along over the ice on some lead of contention. My first memory is of seeing double runners as a pond opposite the parade stop on 687 Downsview Road in Toronto. In those days the area was a big field, now it's in the middle of the city. I remember going from double runners to the old spring skates, the kind you screwed on to the foot. These are great days. I graduated to real hockey skates, and later to tapes.

We didn't have much equipment, of course. We used to shove ourselves into our stockings to serve as adequate headgear. *(Pearson's would be very inadequate in this regard)* Foreign Affairs and the Canadian Historical Review are better. These days, things are different. I have a grandson who, when he reached the point where he played in an organized midget league, was almost as well equipped as an NHL player. I suspect his family have spent more money on his equipment in the first two or three years of his hockey career as a child than my family could have spent, or have afforded to spend, on me in all the years I played.

After my family moved to Peterborough, I used to play hockey on the city

streets. I was relatively safe, in that there were a good many cars. When I grew a little older and was a little more impressive in my hockey skills and ambitions, I played a few organized junior games in Peterborough's old Broad Street rink, natural ice, of course. Those were the early days and the victory in goal.

I was a teenager when we left Peterborough, which was a great hockey town, and ended up in Kingston, which was not. Indeed, they didn't even have a hockey team when we arrived in 1911 and I had to watch my winter sport to basketball. My summer sports were lacrosse — I used to spend my summers on the farms of relatives near Orangeville, a great lacrosse centre — and baseball. I had the ambition of every boy who loves sports, to excel at the game itself, to "make the team." I used to dream of myself in the big leagues. It

wasn't a dream my parents took very seriously. Many years later, when teaching at the University of Toronto, I became interested in the coaching side of things in hockey and football.

In my last days at college, before World War I, senior intercollegiate and OHA hockey were almost as good as the pro hockey then being played. One of the assistants of those days I admired most was Hugh Auld, father of Senator John Auld, who played on the Varsity team. Another was a friend named Billy Milne, on the same team and a great player, who edited with me in the first year. On the pro side, I saw most of the teams in action, my heroes were such men as the great Cyclone Taylor and Nelsy Laidlaw.

Probably the funniest hockey experience of my life occurred just after the war while I was attending Oxford University. Oxford will always play Conacher at any game ever revealed, and were awarded for the occasion, if a challenge is raised. In this case Oxford, somewhat unfairly, was to play Conacher at our hockey. It may have been the first game ever played between the two universities. I'm not sure. We had to go to a place called Mürren in Switzerland to find ice to stage the match.

Oxford had a good team. We had

continued on page 440



By Lester B. Pearson



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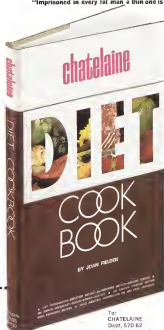
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ALL-STARS continued

North American Rhodes scholars, of course, and the Canadians and one American who made up our team had all played water hockey over here. Cambridge was less fortunate. They didn't have Rhodes scholars, but they found a couple of Canadians and a couple of Americans and a few other people who knew how to skate. But that was about it. Their goalkeeper couldn't skate at all, so we allowed him to wear galoshes.

Well, we started off before a fairly large crowd and by the end of the second period it was something like Oxford 27, Cambridge 1. I vividly remember the two Cambridge wings. They would only be sure they were still on their feet by bringing on to the boards. At that point we called the game off. It was really funny, but, of course, it wasn't hockey.

In contrast, my most thrilling hockey experience came after I returned from Oxford in the 1920s to teach at the U of T. Conn Smythe had been coaching the university team. When he left, I took over his job. That season (1923-24), Toronto happened to win the Izaak-Wallace trophy and we found ourselves in a two-game, goals-to-outright playoff with the winner of the Senior OHA series. It was Kitchener, a club that has supplied no easy prey.

The first game was at Kitchener and we received a dreadful drubbing. The final score was 3 to 1, quite a handicap to come back to Toronto with. But I never forget the second game. I remember telling my players, "Now, the only chance we have is to go out and play the first five minutes as though they were the last five minutes and we were one goal behind." Our chips did just that. For the first five or 10 minutes they swarmed all over the Kitchener net and scored three goals to catch up on a four-goal lead. That got us back in the play-off. They went on to tie them flat by the third period the energy had drained out of us and Kitchener managed to score the winning goal.

Even though we lost, it was a great hockey game. And the excitement of these opening minutes, when we scored three goals, was tremendous. I was sitting on the bench, playing my own position. By the end of the period I was more exhausted than any of the players.

It's probably no secret that, among the NHL stars, I've always tended to favor the Maple Leafs. The reason goes back to those college days. At the U of T I knew, the Leafs were blue and white and had, at that time, an association of sorts with the university through such people as Conn Smythe. There is still that lingering affection. When I attend a game in Montreal — and I never often have a chance to go south these days in Toronto — I

(continued on page 44)

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care is more than a four letter word

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ALL-STARS continued

try to pick a game when the Leafs are playing. I usually sit with my good friend Seware Hertford Mullen (nephew of the owner of the Canadians) and have a terrible time disguising my emotions.

So the Leafs are my sentimental team. But I also have an intense admiration for the Canadiens. Not because they are so successful all the time — as a matter of fact, I generally root for the underdog — but because of the type of hockey they play. They concentrate in speed and on skill, head-bumping the puck and skating always skating.

The 1920s was a legendary era for pro hockey. The player who impressed me most was Howie Morenz, the greatest forward I have ever seen. Amazing defencemen, I think Eddie Shore stood out at those days. And in my book Georges Vézina was a pretty magnificent goal-keeper. They used to call him the Chiver-ton Cucumber, he was so cool. Then there was King Clancy — the dynamic, dramatic King Clancy — and the very polished, skilled Frank Nighbor. They are the ones I remember best.

Of the contemporary NHL players, the ones I admire most are, I suppose, the ones everybody admires. Bobby Hull naturally, with his power and the confidence he generates. Ken Belmore, because of his intensity and the intelligence of his game. And then there's Frank Mahovlich, you always feel he's going to explode at any moment. He's got amazing potential and I love to watch him play. The defencemen I respect most are Doug Harvey and Bobby Orr. I've only watched Orr on ice once or twice, but I don't think I've ever seen a more brilliant young player. And in goal, I think Johnny Bowser is tops.

Beyond that, there are a lot of exceptional players who seem doomed to go unappreciated, unhonored and unused — despite their skills. They are the ones who kill off the penalties and play steadily but unspectacularly on defense. For example, for instance, of J. C. Tremblay and of the great Leaf centerman, Normie Ullman. There are lots of other players whose style is more skillful than exciting and who don't receive the attention they rate. But they do their job.

I once thought of Phil Teasdale as that way — as the day when he played for Chicago. I watched him on television on Saturday nights and admired him very much. He was a fast, smooth player overshadowed by Bobby Hull, although he was helping Hull all the time. Now, of course, he has come into his own in Boston.

I have been asked to choose my all-time all-star team. Heavy hockey fan has his own idea about that and I stress that mine is just one man's opinion. I shall

continued on page 46

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ALL-STARS continued

when the program came on. The Singaporean announcer just got his facts wrong. It was the New York Rangers, whom he had incorrectly seen the U.S. playing the Canadians in the semifinals of the Stanley Cup. However, I proudly told my friends that they were about to see the fastest game in the world.

We saw action for about two seconds and then somebody hit the puck carrier and a brawl started. It really was something. Skaters were off, gloves were off, sticks were down and there were even some spectators trying to mix it with it. This was on the three or four minutes and then that was the end of the report. The announcer, as a matter of fact, was finished by pointing out that hockey was Canada's national sport.

Thus there is international hockey, which is now one of the most of prestige than a game between players.

For reasons mixed by national pride when watching NHL games between American and Canadian teams. I know the players are all Canadian anyway. In fact, last year I was secretly rooting for Boston to beat Montreal. Much as I admire the Canadians, I also like to see a team like Boston win the Stanley Cup occasionally.

But when a Canadian team is playing in a truly international game, I become as chauvinistic as any teenager. I was not

in Winnipeg a couple of winters ago when the Canadians beat the Russians. And when they ran up the Canadian flag and played O Canada, I was profoundly moved. The trouble is that the intensity of national emotion around in world-competition hockey can sometimes get out of hand. We have all read about some of the unpleasant incidents involving Canadian teams abroad. I can well remember, when I was Secretary of State for External Affairs, getting a dispatch from one of our ambassadors saying, "For heaven's sake, don't allow any more Canadian hockey teams to come over here if you want to keep our relations good with X."

My feeling is that we shouldn't send any more players overseas unless they can first gracefully I realize this is hard for a player to do in any kind of international competition. It's been known to feel that the honor of Canada is resting on his shoulders. When he gets on the ice he is excited and knocked about. He knows he has to fight hard and sometimes he fights a little too hard. Every time he does something wrong, the crowd over there hoots at him and at Canada.

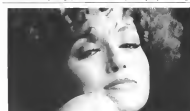
We must remember that we are in a vulnerable position in the hockey world. Everybody likes to beat us because we were the champions for so long. As things now stand, the only way we can regain

our prestige is by learning to be good losers and by sending our best men overseas to become good winners.

On the question of income level competition is general. I think the time has come to stop being hypocritical. We should remove what, in many cases, has become an artificial distinction between the amateur and the professional. I would like to see the world hockey championships played with the best men from the competing countries, regardless of their pro or amateur status. At the moment the best Russian play, but not the best Canadians. My opinion is that if a regular NHL team — not an all-star — met the Russians for a five-game series, the NHL team would win. But it wouldn't be a pushover.

Finally, some advice for any young man contemplating a career in professional hockey. I wouldn't discourage of that dream because I like the game so much. But I would warn him that he should also continue with his education. It's difficult to do both, I know, but it can be done. And if he decides later that he is not going to turn into a first-class NHL player but because just a non-alternate pro, he should check the game at once. He should go back home and spend his time getting a good education.

My chief worry about the future of hockey centres around the tough, rough, win-at-all-price behavior we see on television. The kids coming up watch this and, because they want to be like NHL players, copy the worst as well as the best features of the game. Too often the result is brawling, fighting and other unsportsmanlike behavior on the junior and juvenile level. If that continues, I think the game will be in trouble. □



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WHY DO KIDS DIG ROCK?

(AND WHY DO THEIR PARENTS TURN OFF?)

Kids dig it because they can identify with it

Larry Coryell, 16, Texas-born guitarist and blues singer, has already topped *Down Beat*, *Jazz* & *Pop* polls. *Blues Power* critic Robert Christgau says Coryell "is the greatest thing in bagpipes to the guitar since stretched gut."



BY LARRY CORYELL

What is rock exactly?

Well, for one thing it's the symbolic tool of the revolution that's going on among young people right now. But on a simpler and more obvious level, it's also a music with very definite and very high standards, for mostly music being made by the young, intense people of today. Sure, there are a lot of guys in big-name rock groups who don't know much about music, don't even know how to tune their instruments. Forget about that. Think about the rock musicians who believe in the music and who do know how to work at it. The world is full of talented young guys who started playing, maybe, stand-up bass when they were 16, then switched to guitar, then got into electronics, and they stuck to their music with a real passion. They're the creative musicians of today.

It's these musicians the kids go for. The musical ingredient that makes rock exciting to kids is identification. And all the young people in the Western world identify with Eric Clapton (dead guitar) or the British group, *Black Sabbath*. It's that simple. You're young and there's somebody young up there on stage playing something that's sweet and groovy, and right away he's your man.

All the other elements in rock—the sexual things, the lyrics, the heavy electronic sound—take second place to identification, but naturally they still play a large part in rock's appeal. There are mostly good reasons why a lot of performers use sexual gimmicks—if they are gimmicks. It's a good way, for instance, for a new performer to attract attention at the beginning of his career. But I don't think that explanation runs too deep. I think a performer like *Jimi Hendrix*, who got into a lot of sexual movements, actually feels these emotions he's demonstrating. That happens to be the way he is.

The lyrics are important. In fact, it's possible for a band to be off on its playing, but if there's powerful anger such as, say, *Black Sabbath* is up there singing a good song, then the bad playing won't mar the entertainment value of the group for the kids. A lot of the lyrics in rock are really far out. Older people, used to hearts and flowers and bourgeois love affairs in their songs, don't dig rock lyrics. Sometimes it takes kids a long time to get past the playing and pick up the complicated surrealistic ideas that such writers as *Jimi Hendrix* are laying down.

All at these things put off adults. A lot of them don't dig rock because they feel left out. They can't identify and they're jealous. And, in a way, *unnecessarily*

Parents turn off because it threatens older people



Moe Koffman, 41, Toronto-based alto saxophonist, is probably Canada's best-known, creative jazz musician. He learned his art playing saxophone with the big bands of Jimmy Dorsey, Charlie Barnet, Ted Heath.

BY MOE KOFFMAN

One thing kids have to admit about rock: it's just about the simplest music in the world. There's more to music than a strong beat and four chords, but that's all the musical knowledge it takes to get a rock group going. My own kid, when 11, can listen to a rock record a few times and then sit down at his drums and play all the beats off the record. Rock is very simple.

And that's what makes a lot of it dull listening to a jazz musician. On almost all rock records, you'll hear the kid musicians stretch out on a couple of long trucks, but the stuff they come up with makes me fall asleep. They're only playing on one chord.

Too many rock musicians have very limited talents—they're just kids, after all — and (for that reason, they often have to call on old pros, guys who've come up through jazz, for rock-record sessions. All the good experienced studio musicians in New York and Toronto and other big recording centers work on rock dates. I had a lady-volvo player, a real symphonic type, come up to me not long ago at a commercial-angle session: we were both playing and all she said was "the really liked the *Blond*, *Sweet* & *Terence* album, the first rock thing she'd ever appreciated. She said when she expected dig was all the four parts, amazing, the kid was, that these young boys could blow that so beautifully. Who-a-t, I said, these future stars being played by experienced studio cats, guys in their 40s."

For records, the kids bring in the basic rock feeling. But to get anything really deep on tape, you need two more ingredients: top musicians and a top producer. The kid musicians are completely new material, and they have to be cooked.

The funny thing is that when it comes to live performances, the kids in the audience don't care all the fancy stuff. Does the musician that night he reproduced outside the stadium. They see the stars up on stage, they hear the lyrics and the basic sound, and that keeps them out. The kids in the audience don't need much to excite them. In fact, I don't think they know much about music.

At all these festivals that suddenly started happening last summer, you got all the drums that go with rock coming together in a really obvious way — the drums, the sax, the electronics. I think in some ways the heavy electrification is a cover for lack of talent.

There's a big thing going on at the festivals, too. The rock pros get high and so does the audience, and I suppose that gives them a sense of consciousness. Rock-

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WEARY OF THEIR rubber beaches full of gritty sand? Appalled by sun that glares all day with seared-deepie burned skin? With Mexican history, really daring, romantic tropical nights and all those girls in bikinis? Do the interminable cruises of Europe and all that dead, dead history leave you pale, tired and happy to get back to the rat race in the Canadian west?

Then try the only really new holiday experience (beyond being a spacecab starship) — go stay with the headhunters (retired) in the gloriously steamy region of South America. Go hunting with blowpipe and poison dart. Paddle among the rain-forested parais. Dive on broad eelheads and hallucinogenic mushrooms. Feel the thrill of wondering whether you'll see Canada again. Really get away from it all. I did last year, and learned the world's first authentic primer on How to Holiday With the Headhunters.

CHOOSING YOUR TRIBE: The neotropical rain forest extends through northern Brazil, Guyana, French Guiana, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and even juts up into Central America. Despite the genocide efforts of sundry Latin American governments to exterminate the natives you can still choose from varying tribes speaking more than 1,000 languages — a new one was discovered in recently in September. Some of these tribes have rarely seen a white man—they may be considered fortunate. Others will greet you with the offer of an alcoholic Coke. However, protect the tribe of your choice, remember you are probably in more danger from government social worker-runder squads

If you are a poison-arrow fan, you might visit the Piroviro, who are hunted the Guaporé River in Brazil's Mato Grosso region. For blowguns, try the Tsimping in western Guyana. The Agoré, near Caracas in Brazil's Maranhão, are uniquely peaceful, whereas the Palmar on the Brazil-French Guiana border believe in premarital homicide. Disemboweled husbands might try the polygamous Bororo in Bolivia's Santa Cruz state. For their wives, I suggest the polyandrous Tsimba in Venezuela near the Colombian border.

Don't rule out tribes with a reputation for cannibalism, such as the Parintoto; they usually eat only their enemies. The same goes for headhunters such as the forest Jivaro of Ecuador north of the Marañon River. Avoid tribes at war with their neighbors, those chronically short of food, those whose you're allergic to, and those embedded in land-and-water-sovereignty disputes with ethnic carpetbaggers. The Coca Lango and Tsimba tribes of Brazil's Mato Grosso state were totally exterminated over a 10-year period by members of the Brazilian government's Indian Protective Service before the scandal was publicized in March 1968. So watch it.

Stay away from missionary Indians. They tend to have a lower standard of living than most, and are often caught up in alcoholism and degeneracy. Don't be surprised at poison missionaries who sell American CARE aid goods instead of distributing them free.

I was guided by a friend, Lars Perotti, with whom I flew to Bogotá, and Alana Ruchel-Dolmeroff of the Department of Anthropology at the University of the



Dowdler is studying to be a headhunter. He takes a year. There is a superb fisher man. Natives are gentle people. Their lives are almost unheard of.

Andes. In Bogotá, she suggested I visit the Nomsa people of the Choco forest, west of the Colombian Andes. This is one of the world's least, most insular jungles and the Nomsa are a peaceful, dignified, beautiful people. They know something of white culture but maintain their own customs. I spent three weeks with a Nomsa, Anarico-Karac, and his family. It took a week to reach his jungle home from Bogotá and another week to return — a nice 200 miles in the KRM bus.

ATTRACTIONS: Once in residence, go hunting with the rain and marvel at their skills. Along the way you may see bat eaves, brilliantly colored frogs, aquatic multi-headed snakes, and venomous and insects with the most astounding colors and stripes to be found on this planet. You will see the world's first and weirdest identified multiple trees permitted by twisting lianas (jungle vines), which are permitted by smaller vines, which are here are permitted by canes, all hanging together in an extremely neat, deep-rooted mass. Exotic birds will perch the silences with nervous grace.

Drink the strongest water from the sun of the wild banana. Savor the seed fruit of the Badoches and the sweetest Tongue. Learn to paddle a canoe swimming up. Try the larger one first.

Watch the Indians ship a canoe from a tree trunk. Practice with the bow and arrow. Learn to skin a wild boar. Sip Chicha, the potent jungle juice. Colombia's government have unanimously tried to outlaw for 300 years. If you're reckless, turn on with the hallucinogenic *Banisteriopsis* cups. Try a bit of headily writhing with the Indians. Teach



Abolish rather her body. Women work in the fields with men cook make pottery.

BY MICHAEL HASTINGS

For some, it's a Great one or a moment in Tibet. For Hastings, it's a free-lance producer for the CBC, adventure has always meant a tropical rain forest.



Author in the jungle. Hastings pointed by television with blowback he brought to life.



Nomsa woman, wife of Dowdler (right), looking her (left) as she paddles to Negro settlement to trade for maize seed. Nomsa live in family groups, have no villages.



Canadian whisky hasn't changed since prohibition. Until now.

Scotch has been made lighter in the last few years. Can have gotten smoother, richer.

But Canadian whisky until the war was stuff bootleggers were running in the '40s. The big distillers are so successful, they want to start to change their products.

Russ Melchers, a small Canadian distiller, has the courage to

come out with a different kind of Canadian whisky.

In name—Melchers Canadian.

It's supposedly blended just a little lighter, by using just a little more corn mash in the mix.

If you're a regular Canadian whisky drinker, you'll find the lighterness of Melchers Canadian a surprise.

You may not like it as much

as your present whisky. But there's just a chance you may like it more. You'll never know until you try it.

Melchers Canadian has the added advantage of costing less than most house-known Canadians.

Why not spring for a bottle. Once, just to make sure that the stuff you drink now really is your favorite whisky.



THE BEST REAL CHANGE IN CANADIAN WHISKY SINCE 1921. MELCHERS CANADIAN

This advertisement first published as displayed by the Liquor Control Board in the Government of British Columbia.

Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson,
Joan Plowright and Tommy Steele

starring in Bill Shakespeare's

TWELFTH NIGHT



"Girl as boy in Shakespeare masquerade mix up comedy-romance all-time hit, critics say."
Southworth "Times"

"Local playwright aces," "Laugh yourself into stitches" with new farce play."
London "News"

"Funniest, happiest play of London season. A 'must-see' for 'these most brisk and giddy-paced times'!"
Toronto "Globe"



8:30 PM
WED.
DEC. 3

BITE ME, BARNABAS ...BITE ME!



With fangs, a cape and a job as resident vampire on TV's horror-scaper *Dark Shadows*, Canadian actor Jonathan Frid is learning that the fastest way to a woman's heart is through the jugular

THE FIRST TIME it happened was at a supermarket in Charlottes, South Carolina, just 18 months ago. A middle-aged, unlovely Canadian bachelor of scholarly bent and induracible allure was being dedicated and debauched by a gaggle of nymphomaniacs performing one of the sexual rites of our times. A pop star or a rock group would have expected such treatment. But for Jonathan Frid the experience was terrifying.

Jonathan who? Frid. He's a 44-year-old sometime Shakespearean actor who grew up in a well-to-do Hamilton, Ontario, family with a stern Protestant outlook. For 25 years he walked on and off the boards in a hundred mid and one road shows. His acting was competent. Remember his Collins in San Diego, his Richard III at Penn State? But fame passed him by. Then he became a vampire and found himself basking in the sort of adulation that not even Olivier has enjoyed. At a reception in Birmingham, Alabama, this fall it was Frid, and not such un-purged "normies" as Frankie Avalon, who was the target for a horde of pubescent females screaming, "Bite me, Barnabas. Bite me!"

For three increasingly frenetic years Frid has been playing Barnabas Collins in ABC Television's afternoon "horror-scaper," *Dark Shadows*. Barnabas is the resident vampire of the series, sharing a 36-room manse called Collinwood with a weird crew of witches, warlocks, werewolves, winged beauties and other Gothic standbys. The plot is a convocation of murders, mutilations, hangings and time-tunnels that even Frid finds "impossible to follow."

An average audience of 6,300,000 Americans watches *Dark Shadows* every weekday at 4 p.m. That makes it the top daytime TV show in the world — without adding in the hundreds of thousands of Canadian viewers who tune in to ABC border stations. All the tea leaves of TV (fan mail, crowd counts) credit this unorthodox success to the show's look, gloomy star Frid, availing his de rigueur cape, swathing around his phonic fangs and sucking blood all over the sound stage, has an audience appeal so powerful it's beyond the merely bizarre. Shraga producer Robert Costello: "Half the women in America want this guy to bite them on the neck."

Today the signature of Jonathan Frid (co-signing with Barnabas Collins) is cited by *Coronet* magazine as "the autograph of the year."

William Denton, ABC vice-president in charge of the network's overhauling empire, says Barnabas Collins and *Dark Shadows* are "a phenomenon, an explosion we didn't expect. There's no doubt it's the hottest property we control. Not up to *Baron* yet, but it's got a longer pull and should give *Baron* as a real run in the long haul." By that, Denton means the market bonanza for Barnabas comic books, novelties, posters, jewelry, masquerade costumes, penny buns, puddles, ▶

by Catherine Breslin



Bornstar off-stage: Frid's estimate: Frid will make \$100,000 to \$250,000 in 1970.

colored books, card games, toys, sweaters, 3-D slides and LP records. With all these selling like hot cakes, the Christmas market should also be brisk. Toys, model kits, comic strips, stuffed animals and even, as one talented quackquack disease, a range of "Barnstar Bites" — you know monster bites. A soap company is reportedly toying with the idea of a Barnstar Cook Book, and the Philadelphia Cleaning Corp. offering "guilt groups" of Jonathan Frid with their third set of Barnstar bubble-gum cards.

All told, ABC expects that \$20 million in Barnstar paraphernalia will be sold before the festive break. That will earn \$100,000 in bonus fees. And even after the network, authors and producers take their respective cuts, Jonathan Frid will still receive enough in further royalties for already complicated finances.

What he is making remains something of a mystery, largely because repayments have not yet been completed. Until he renegotiated his contract in November, Frid was paid a basic \$800 a week whether or not he appeared in the show. If he appeared in all five programs, his weekly pay would be \$1,560. He earns a fee thousands from each of his many public appearances, takes other lucrative acting jobs, makes in cash from Jonathan Frid Barnstar Collage concessions. For making frenzies from 12 to old-enough-to-know-better spend with organic drinks, Frid states: "I really don't know how much" he says. Associates guess that in 1970 it will be somewhere between \$100,000 and \$200,000. Another showman rumor has it that Frid, the best-dressed actor since Burt Reynolds,

grosses around \$17,000 a week. Frid makes money on barnstar that "Ancestry" wouldn't let me know. I got it out to know how to cope, convenience and economically." As the first certificate star of daytime soap opera, he "should have made a million out of this thing already. God, I want a house with swimming pool."

This winter he moved to an East Side Manhattan apartment where the rent is "as high I don't even tell my mother," Mrs. Herbert Frid, widow of a wealthy Hungarian, Ontario, contractor.

It was there, among the splendors of East Side living, that he met the fall and married her by instant business offer. He had been asked to lead his name to a dinner of insurance. He concluded that the money sounded good, and that he was rather new to the area.

"But I want to preserve some in privacy," he said. "And then, if the profits started to slip, I'd probably end up out there cooking for dinner in a hell of a way."

It is interesting to note that members of Jonathan Frid's family had lived the prospect of Herbert Frid's youngest son doing just that for a living.

Frid's father was a man of some consequence in southern Ontario, and Jonathan's background — Presbyterian, private school, the Nook Hall that in Hamilton is called The Mousetrap — was properly Establishment.

After Sunday services he dined at the restaurant and attended the sermon to the delight of his ardently Presbyterian grandmother, who thought she had a son preacher in the family. At 16 he finally gave in to an "absolute compulsion" he had been battling since the age of five. In what he calls "the most agonizing decision in my life," Jonathan volunteered to act in a school production of Shakespeare's comedy, *The Merchant of Venice*, and turned in a brilliant performance as Sir Anthony. It was by winning the school's very English headmaster.

Jonathan went on to McMaster University, where Frid Senior later served on the board of governors. Jonathan recognized the dramatic safety and reassured the later Young Drama League after the war. About nine years ago he changed his name from John to Jonathan so it would take up any room in the program. The old one "went too quickly" — John Frid was not a name.

—John Frid was not a name.

But Jonathan's last theatrical work, a spell of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London — playing in the English provinces as an American graduate at Lorne Green's Academy of Radio Arts in Toronto — in CBC radio plays — took company. In 1954 his wealthy father placed "agent" in the Dominion Globe. Festival, that year being staged in Montreal, Frid was persuaded to play the lead in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, a play that the education passed.

Three years later, armed now with an MPA (Master of Fine Arts) in directing Yale Drama School, Frid went back into acting. By then his elder brother Doug owned a taxi stand near Orangeville, Ontario, and the other brother was president of the family construction business, Jonathan, at 32, was earning \$50 a week of his own luck.

Of his work at that time, one actor recalls: "John was one hell of a fine actor, who had been in a million plays all over the universe, but it was usually we who got the notices." In 1957, he had just finished a six-month tour of the studio playing a one-line walk-on part with the road-show company of Monte Wilson when offered the part of Barnstar Collins, vampire.

Dick Shafner, "a gothic suspense writer," was then 10 months old and dying. "He decided to go all the way with the spooky stuff," says the show's creator, One Currier. "It always felt that if the viewers bought a vampire, we could get away with anything. If it didn't work, we could always drive a stake through his heart."

When Barnstar Collins showed up at his color-coded coffin in April 14, 1967, the ratings surged and the mail rolled in. Something about that red-eyed fellow with an early-Beatnik hairdo, flowing black cape, massive carved cross, very ring, carmen-made fangs and nervous wags brought a responsive chord in the great East. There where the ratings were from.

Some implausible 20th-century history had answered this query because of the vicious apprehension of the year. A fan in Birmingham, Mississippi, wrote: "If it takes blood to keep him alive, he can have some of mine." A lady in New Westminister, BC, pressed him "great chains and dignity" and "the most evil, corrupt and fearful domination of your victims." A housewife in Illinois wrote: "I wish you'd live on the neck. I get so started watching you, I could smoke a whole pack of cigarettes."

The phenomenon spread. A nine-year-old in Rockville, Maryland, showed up for her dinner appointment watching Barnstar on a portable TV. A mid-grade saleswoman in Flint, Michigan,

As we enter the party season it's easy to get a little bit unreasonable. But, if you expect to go to a great many parties we offer these simple suggestions which we hope you will find both interesting and helpful.

FOOD AND DRINK

For centuries Food and Drink have been coupled together, and modern science supports this view with facts.

- 1 Eat or nibble as you drink... particularly at a cocktail party. But concentrate on protein foods that digest slowly.
- 2 Keep to a nutritious diet

during the whole festive season. 3 Optate your drinks... they'll last longer and be gentler. 4 Crackers, nuts, or a couple of slices of buttered bread taken beforehand will help if you suspect a long drinking period before dinner. 5 Drink your drinks slowly... it's better for your system, and drinking should be o

relaxed, leisure activity. 6 And while there are no studies to prove it, it has been suggested, that a well-aged, mellow Canadian whisky will be easier on your system than harsh, young whiskies.



Have a happier holiday season. Eat... and drink whiskies that are Older and

WISNER'S



Beefeater...

Gin so smooth
you can
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Distilled and bottled in London, England, for over a century.

BARNABAS continued

reported that her entire class could locate the maple worn, thanks to Barnabas. At Princeton State University, where Jonathan had been invited to play the lead in *Richard III* in 1965, a stars' evening was issued to students cutting classes to watch the seer.

Yet the theater buff didn't enough that his full repeat didn't happen until a year after he took the role, when he was making a 10-city public-appearance tour complete with chartered jet and pelican-meat meals. Driving up to a restaurant at their first stop in Charleston, Jonathan suddenly shed the physical shock of the crowd of 2,500 waiting to greet him. "I didn't believe it. It was the shipping store from being somebody who went to the CNR to watch Frank Sinatra being indicted to being Frank Sinatra." Suddenly they were signing and tearing at his clothes; it took 14 policemen and five squad cars to maneuver him to safety.

The rest of the tour was a confounding mess. 5,000 at the Great Rapids airport to watch him ride into town on the roof of a hearse (an experience he does not deem to repeat). At West Water shopping center a mob of 15,000 (more than Richard Nixon at Robert Kennedy) were able to draw in that presidential election year) crowded through plate-glass windows in the press to see Barnabas. "They were grabbing at me like animals. We had to run for our lives," Fred recalls. He escaped through a warehouse with a police escort.

Fred has since learned to rethink that madfrenzied season of mob worship. "Part of the fun of these events is to go with it, to ride it like the waves or scariest-boarding. You've got to stay with the wave." Yet between these seasons of mass ecstasy his life had then become "a constant agony, a nightmare every day."

For months he wrote letters about every episode, a half-hour show five days a week, as the *Dark Shadows* plot line explored the sad demise of how Barnabas had gotten the way he was. (He was bitten to death by a mad bat 166 years ago.) Always "the dramatic study in the history of the theater," Fred would rise at 6:30 every morning and people with the script over breakfast before reporting to work at eight. The cast rehearsed (and taped at 11:15, with a half-hour break at 10:30 which Fred used for shaving. After shaves, they had a dry run of the next day's "insanely complicated script until around 6:30 p.m. Fred spent each evening at home, crumpling the lines that would get him up again at 6:30 the next morning. He recalls, "I was panic-stricken every day. I had to wing it like mad."

As he recently discovered, "a work to assure like this means no social life at

all." He rarely salvaged enough time for the usual rites of daily living: buying stamps, paying bills, finishing laundry. When he alone underwent his out, he wore bathing suits to work.

This past the pressure finally eased, and the scripts came under control. Fred handed down an offer to spend the summer leaving in Denzle because he doesn't want to be typed. Instead, he passed the summer discussing his appointment, a five-room ultramodern with three baths, seven closets, a granite rock garden and a sauna system peeped everywhere from jobs to socks. While he waited, Fred looked around the apartment's half-finished splendor and sighed. "I still feel like I'm staying in a hotel. My grandparents had an old house in Winnetka, Chicago, where we used to go in summer. There was a home, and it took years and generations before a house is really that."

Now what he wants in "someone who will look up into shape and tell me 'here that' or 'there that' I've been deteriorating for two years in terms of hard-boiled management of myself." When the Barnabas-front first came he brought down letters from the family firm in Hamilton and consulted an assistant lawyer they told him not to bother with a business manager — "irrelevant advice, just to worry," he insists now.

When the gravity of his chain weighed down on Fred, he is not to grasp at the nearest available clothes. Last summer he was considering installing his decorator, a madcap friend named Ruffy, as general decorator to answer his mail, answer laundry and "red some order in my life." So the fall he was thinking of making actor friend Bob Truher his business manager — an actor-not friend? The baffled Barnabas himself could not do better.

In fact, Jonathan and Barnabas have much in common. Both are gloomy, brooding, sharp, confused and vulnerable, prone to lonely ruminations and cowardly Victorian mannerisms. Both survive from one crisis to the next with the help of a serene good luck. Both give off an air of lonely helplessness, which may actually be the camp element of the Barnabas sex appeal. In interviews, Fred habitually corrects himself to Madock, Hamster and Richard III. Yet he gives short shrift to critics who expect *denzle* that a Shakespearean specialist with all those years of theatrical acrobatics behind him could not be as high brow with TV audiences. "I know, the role requires about the locus of my intelligence," Fred says. "Shakespeare is pretty big potatoes, and how I ever coped with it I'll never know."

In a career may Jonathan Fred seems to be, like Barnabas Collins, a refugee from another time. A casting agent who contributed on page 55

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ARCTIC Cat 70



BARNABAS continued

knows Fried well; calls him "kind of aggressive and old-fashioned, almost too nice for his business." His favorite suit is actually a Bernese costume, an Tidewater double-breasted suit he bought from the store's vintage department. Charming, he gives off a boned society that masks his expensive amount of insecurity and jealousy.

After friends agree he has changed very little with women, his latest streak and most deep life release by reading the obituaries in the New York Times: "Such marvelous pieces of history. Fascinating!" He prefers a bar to a cocktail party because "you can be a dud at a bar as long as you buy your own drinks. Some of my best creative thoughts happen when I'm sitting alone at a bar surrounded by noisy people."

Fried has no idea how many fan clubs have been organized in his name, though he does know he gets more than 5,000 letters a month. One euphoric New Year he spent \$1,000 on a special mailing to his fans ("My God, Clark Gable wouldn't have done that"). Since then he has limited his personal answers to gifts and really interesting letters, but all his mail is answered in one way or another. "I'd like the photocopied rolls on When Fried took two weeks off to do *Old Man For Mander* to Sullivan, Thomas, the isolates were sold but failed to advance. Coming up in the shooting of the first *Dark Shadow* feature film, possibly one of a series. His co-star is Joan Lander."

Sitting in his walnut-paneled study, flanked by shelves of *Dark Shadow* scripts, scrapbooks lovingly assembled by the faithful, and beamed plaques with such inscriptions as "16 Magazine 7th Annual Gossip Award" and "Bernese We Love You, Charleston, S.C., 'Trents,'" Jonathan Fried stretched out his long legs and put himself in a recliner. "The wrap-up of my life, if you get down to the real gritty-gritty, is there isn't anything terribly exciting there."

Even so, the vampire business is a little more diverting than reading drama somewhere in California, which is what Fried was about to do when his agent persuaded him to audition for the part of Bernese. And, besides, it's not everyone who can inspire the opposite sex to demand, "Bele me, Bernese. Bele me!" ☐



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the shape
it's in.



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Campuses today sometimes seem to be crucibles of non-conformity; undergraduates, the catalysts for a social, sexual and political revolution. How do this year's freshmen feel? Here are answers from five of the top 20 high-school graduates across Canada:

THESE SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH

-and this is what they'll do with it

BY ALAN EDMONDS

British Columbia

William Hudson, 18. *Head of the Vancouver Children's Aid Society, named by a Junior member and as British Columbia's top high-school graduate.*

Career: I'm in a combined physiotherapy-honors program because I can't make up my mind which I prefer and because this course will make it easier to get an MA and PhD. I want to do research, with a bit of teaching thrown in. **Concerns:** Any changes I'd want to see in the world would not destroy our present society. I think interdependence and hunger are the priority. And our government should be doing more in welfare,



poverty and housing. I get very angry about the present welfare system, which condemns people to the state of poverty instead of helping them climb out of it. I've been an activist, it's depressing.

The future: When I'm 30 I want to be married, and to be doing research in either physics or math — though not in the total exclusion of all else. I want to have time for other things which, after all, help keep a home happy. I'd like to be well off enough to be able to go on a trip to Europe without worrying too much about the cost.

Morals and rebellion: Firstly, I know nothing about rebellion. I want to be a private school — I got scholarships, and the Children's Aid Society helped with the rest — and it just doesn't happen in that kind of environment. But I think students in arts courses may be justified in wearing more noise in the way their courses are run. Alcohol drugs, I don't really know. I have had a chance to smoke pot, but I didn't take it, though I suppose if taken in moderation it's no more reprehensible than taking the occasional drink. No, any bar isn't long 'til it's over, my foster mother probably wouldn't let me through the door.

Quebec

Robert Sweet, 17, son of a doctor, graduated from Poly, 11 in English with a 94.4-percent average — good enough to skip grade 12 and go to McGill.

Career: I'm taking a general course because I'm not sure what I want. I might end up in law or medicine. I would like to become a professional man but I would also like to do a lot of other things — perhaps spend a year travelling, another year doing a menial job, or maybe a year on the golf course! **Concerns:** I'm still trying to figure out what the world is all about for myself, so I'm hardly qualified to start



solving the problems of others. But I do think the UN should have more power to keep the world united. And racial discrimination bothers me. I really don't think it would make much difference to the world if I could vote at 18, but I'd vote for Trudeau if I could. Previously, it's hard to see. I have learned to live a lot of sympathy for the French Canadian who from his well-lost language and his culture but I still think the separation and separatists go too far. **The future:** When I'm 30? Well, I'm a Confucianist, so I would want to be well living here. I would be thinking about getting married, and have enough money to be able to escape when I feel like it. I would like to have a recent way up north, or down south in the jungle — anywhere in its natural state, not a replica of our urban society.

Morals and rebellion: It's solitary. I will be a solitary rebel. I never have been, though I hope it might be because of what other people might say. It might be though. I thought the burning of the companies at St. George's Wilkes University was insane destruction. I don't smoke or drink, but I know because I think they're wrong. I just don't. Not. Never. And, but I would think it wrong to smoke it habitually.

New Brunswick

Peter Duxon, 17, son of a Montreal telephone — temporary Jewson, was New Brunswick's top high-school graduate. He had 749 marks out of a possible 800.

Career: I'm torn between politics and science. I am fascinated by research in the sciences, in physics particularly, but I may go into law because that could lead to politics. What I look about me is what is happening in Canada — and maybe one day things won't right — I had I want to get into the actual machine shop that runs the country. **Concerns:** Nationalism is the world's biggest problem. I am deeply involved to



the United Nations Association, and I believe we must realize that it is the rights of humanity that are universal, not those of nations. The most precious social injustice of all is that done the students. Other their movements are motivated by good ideas and they use things differently from the established society, which — being afraid of change, at all people are afraid they're just 30 or 40 — force its back on them. We're told to take my place in society, but when I say to me, "What and you're doing more experience."

The future: By 30, I would like to be married, have children and be secure financially. But I would like to be the type of person whom someone of my generation would be able to talk to about the problems of society — and I'd want to be able to do something about them. I'd also like to be fully committed in some scientific project.

Morals and rebellion: Much of what the older generation calls rebellion is simply youthful exuberance, which should be regarded as one of our great natural resources, and as a threat to the world of the Establishment. Should I drink? I'm not uncertain. I'm a very good Baptist. I would grow my hair long to see what it looks like, but my parents won't let me

Saskatchewan

Brenda Sue Wrench, 18, Prince-Jewson's daughter from Poly, was Saskatchewan's top high-school graduate with a 98.75-percent average over 12 subjects.

Career: I'm in a four-year honors arts-and-sciences course at the University of Saskatchewan, but I'm not sure whether I'll teach or do postgraduate work in one of the sciences and then do research. I like the sciences better than the humanities. Science is so modern and everything like the arts ancient and reactionary. **Concerns:** If I could change the world I would make man everyone had a higher education. After high school you need



to go on and find out where you and the world really are. The social system that must have me up a project, against our Indian especially. But I've tried you can't legislate against people. I just hope my generation will have better minds. **The future:** When I'm 30 I'd like to be in a city. Toronto perhaps and be married to a professional man. I would want to have kids and to have worked, or be writing, an research, discussing something else. I would like to have helped a contribution to human knowledge.

Morals and rebellion: It's not a rebel. At high school I played basketball, volleyball, football, worked on the yearbook, organized dances. I'm not a rebel. I like dancing and boys. I never smoked pot, but I don't think it's wrong. I might say try it myself some day. I already smoke about 12 cigarettes a day and I drink a bit, not enough for it to be a problem, but I don't drink as be suitable or appear grown up. I don't think I like it. Mindfully. Well, more serious? Very firm at high school because my mother doesn't like them. I do.

Ontario

Edward Kozowyk, 18, Graduated from high school in Richmond Hill, Ontario with a 97.1-percent average.

Career: I am at university to study law eventually because it will provide financial security. University gets you a qualification to do a certain type of work. If you want to make a million dollars, don't waste good time going to university. But I want security more than a million dollars. I'm a coward. **Concerns:** Overpopulation is the world's major problem. I guess you'd have to sterilize people for a while in India and Africa and other places where



there is a problem. If you had to do something in Canada, you would limit the number of children everyone could have to say two. I suppose? I used to consider it wrong that ladies could not make the same kind of contract as white men, but there is a plan to give them equality now. If I could vote, I would be for the Progressive Conservatives. They have the individual most in mind.

The future: At 30, I'd like to be really smart, not having to worry about money. I would either be as positive for myself as working for a company. I would be married, but whether I had kids would depend on how much money I had. I would prefer living in an apartment or a rental house to owning my own home. **Morals and rebellion:** The major reprobates the amount of student loans, and ignores the majority who don't take over faculty buildings or stage items. The rebels who took over the president's office at Concordia University were invading the rights of the majority who were there to get something out of university, and they should have been kept with security. They were long late to get into them. How do I get attention? By doing well at school, I think. I don't smoke or drink. I'm never tired out. ☐

Our
multi-nationality



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THE CONTEST

CONTEST NO. 46

[illegible]

RESULTS OF CONTEST NO. 43

Challenged to produce original palindromes—compositions that are the same read backward or forward—Canadian poets themselves masters of linguistic invention. Backward has sometimes well suited the mood. We are proud to report that American author Roger Angell, whose *Forward* palindromes was praised as a model, is no longer the world champion. Mine that a dozen entries indicated that in length. The Canadian victory, however, was costly. Many readers complained, bitterly, that to recommend palindromes constituted a cure for insanity was done so disastrously erroneously.

The judges were not always impressed by sheer length. Sometimes brevity wins out. A \$10 prize goes to B. W. Feltus, of Knoxville, NE for this pithy comment on the generation gap: "It's a sup." Wright Sullivan, of Montreal, also won \$10 for an entry that is a paradigm of simplicity: "Nash's dogma: I am God's man."

Frank, Van der Koo, of Squamish, BC, receives \$15 for her poetic dialogue between a city rat, Norona, and a country chicken:

"We nip in territory peak at Uppity
Maggie. On wet states I take."
"Tom I lived on! In not, dew-trader."

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^aUse control file(s).

Pumpkins, keeps apple, he stores up a new red old world. I will. "I've is quiet. It is not slow, Nemo." My up put a sleepy cat in a nap snow.

Unbelievable mentions go to Kurt Lenz and Davis, both of Toronto, and Charlene Strummen, Calgary, who also producing and obviously time-consuming job. However, but their efforts paid in the face of the 300-word stream-of-consciousness epic from Marlene Miller, of Kitchener. We are convinced this really is the longest pubescent in the English language, and it costs \$25.

Trite: Put On Ward D as Mad Asset
Dress: American Dable Solid, Row Tie
Wear: use him 70 a year on a got man
live time, who saw Tim on need to get
at CMC? Sign it, Tim, O, Not In For let
Not lose current. Canace's word with
"mple" "He" Nace's job. "Ward's"
no club for ever? "Ego, had I put
not? Masters? O, all Neemes —
a Ningers off-trap upon oil of Turo,
I drink upon to unwearable upon, and
protector's love of mine. Corroborate
obstacle: build over are footprints, spring
it to no no as US I'd sign it, lower
8, or, for Conf. Upon if you be master

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Some years of growth were: India, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Haiti, South America
I was in "growth" a few ☐ did ☐ for
one year in (Country) : ()
I will say it is a waste (that's a fact).

☐ I would like to be kept up to date on the
full price ☐ list, month ☐
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by Jon McKen



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1 "Out here on peaceful Lake of the Woods, it seemed



easy to think I was on a business visit in Toronto 24 hours ago — with only an American Express Card in my pocket. But this visit was all I needed.

Stan Kane found this fishing paradise by car, jet and sea plane. He started with one penny and an American Express Money Card.



3 "An Ex-Canada jetted me to Fort William. I rented an Avion car, dined at the Prince Edward Hotel and stayed overnight at the Holiday Inn. Paid for everything with my card—car, meals, jet and my stay at the motel."



5 "Pan-fried walleye, fresh from the lake! And my Gribway guide, Mervyn Gilmish, really knew how to cook them! Big Narrows Lodge was a perfect escape from Toronto. And I paid for the whole trip with my American Express Money Card."

Toronto, August 24, 1969: We met Stan Kane outside the Toronto-Dominion Centre. We took all his money away—except his lucky penny—and told him, "1200 miles from here, there's a fishing paradise called Lake of the Woods. Spend a weekend up there. Use only your American Express Money Card. And good luck fishing!"

Stan set off, accompanied by a photographer who took the pictures on this page. Ahead of them was a perfect businessman's weekend.

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TRAVEL

**If you lose a bundle
on Paradise Island,
you can always
catch yourself a crab**

They have this Harems-Cub Race on Paradise Island, and until you have experienced it you cannot truly call yourself a plunger. The race takes place on the afternoon when it's raining and there isn't all that much to do. Paradise Island is a spit of land, connected by a toll bridge, that stands as roughly the same relation to Nassau, as the Bahamas, or West Vancouver does to Vancouver.

Paradise Island has five hotels, a golf course, a casino, a restaurant once patronized by James Bond, an assortment of putting greens, tennis courts, shuffleboard decks, green lawns, tropical forests and several miles of beaches.

There is also, of course, the intro
And exit you say that, you are close to
delving the island's interior *afire*.

Although the management doesn't like to admit it, gambling is what Paradise Island is all about. In the vast casino, connected by above-ground tunnels to the island's two biggest hotels, you will find crap tables, roulette tables, blackjack tables, several hundred slot machines that operate 24 hours a day, an attraction of bars and restaurants, plus a cabaret that presents the sum of entertainment — whole tributes of oversized blunder in costumes overlooking candy of fiction — that is reminiscent of the Ritz or Las Vegas show scene at its girly, glitzy best.

Paradise Island is a place for plungers. A while back, I was told, one Canadian dropped a reported 1960,000 on the crabs tables in 60 hours of nonstop, misery-eyed action. Another Canadian, who used to be big in Toronto mining circles and now operates land-development schemes in the Bahamas and Florida, has been known to lose 150,000 at a single sitting.

But there have been winners, too. Gus was called out of the Fremont Hotel Casino with winnings of \$433,300 (so the crapsers will tell you). An evening's winnings of \$15,000 is not unheard of. And there are plenty of blue-chip gamblers from Miami in Cleveland or Newark, New Jersey, who spend an evening of the slot machines, flooding in Anonymous quarters from the cash they hold in paper cups. Almost every minute, somewhere in that vast room, a cashmere ebullient to regurgitate a few of the millions of quarters that are fed into it.

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After 30 years
we see just how
weak men in Paris
and London
helped Hitler
bring on war

The new law of popular history is that it takes 30 years (half a man's lifetime or the span of two world wars) to produce a reliable account of why an event happened. The second is that the event becomes progressively less relevant with the passage of time and the simplification of facts. William Shirer confirms precisely. Picking a decade of postwar research on years of postwar experience in a correspondence, he published *The Rise and Fall Of The Third Reich* 30 years after Hitler's accession. Now, *The Collapse Of The Third Republic* follows the pattern. So does *On Borrowed Time*, an account of the slide to war in 1939, by British correspondent Leonard Mosley.

Such accounts are slow to mature because their justification is the discovery and reconstruction of events. They have neither the style nor the romantic sweep of Churchill or De Gaulle, but they do carry the authentic taste of their times. The years before the fall of France, after all, were not romantic, but shabby. It was a time of twilight in Europe.

Shirer's borrowing diligence has uncovered surprising facts, surprising enough to demolish our accepted mythology of how Hitler's success smashed France in four weeks of blitzkrieg in the bloody spring of 1940. That mythology posited a French army overwhelmed by German forces vastly superior in numbers and firepower, in tanks and in airplanes.

Shirer shows that the German armies helping into France through the Ardennes and Belgium were outnumbered by 20 divisions. The French had the best tanks. Air power was about equal. The French high command pleaded with Chamberlain to commit his last fighter squadrons to France, but committed only one third of its own frontline planes to battle German superiority. Shirer suggests that in grandeur France's leaders were inviolable: when Premier Paul Reynaud had a cold, his red-haired mistress presided over the war cabinet. They were divided: the doddering Marshall Foch, and his rife accomplice, Pierre Laval, schemed for a separate peace.

Shirer traces the causes of division to the beginning of the Third Republic in 1871, a republic with revolutionary and creative traditions yet aggressively reactionist, excluding labor from government until 1936. The structure of its party system reduced it to government in permanent crisis.

And there was that last generation — 1,500,000 young Frenchmen killed and 4,232,000 wounded in 1914-18. Shirer recalls sitting with a hostess in his apartment overlooking the Seine in 1961. They watched the cars below and the hostess said, "We had not surrendered so quickly in 1940, most of the people in those cars would be dead today."

Probably that was the common mood in 1940. Certainly, says Shirer, Foch then had popular support far more than the self-called De Gaulle. And Laval could stage in the Casino at Vichy the ritual suicide for the Third Republic. He drenched its deputies and ministers — the area shown in Lina Hearn's *Poppy Front* victory of 1935 — into a ceremonial wine to shut down parliament and hand power to Hitler.

The tiny posthumous war played out the year the British Congress named its Great Agreement out of office. Neville Chamberlain's contribution to Western weakness was made before war started. Leonard Mosley's account of Britain's appointment of Hitler confirms the portrait that shows Chamberlain as devout and vain, an obsessive old rascal. While the Nazi Rosenberg secretly voted Hitler into a neoconservative post, Chamberlain was busy staking the efforts of Anglo-French negotiators working for a military alliance with Russia, the last hope of keeping Hitler in check.

He was not checked, the most liberal nations in the West did not have the will. The Shirer and Mosley histories are a reminder that it would move from Nazis to put Europe in darkness. It also needed ambiguous men in London and Paris, men who already had opted for life in the twilight.

The Collapse of the Third Republic, William Shirer, \$12.50. *On Borrowed Time*, Leonard Mosley \$12.50.

BOOKS

BY PHILIP BYKES

For the coffee table

FOR THE FORTUNATE people who make Christmas without an overindulgent and the kindly ones who make gifts at Christmas, an abbreviated report on so alluring and incredibly expensive season in coffee-table books.

DESIGN, *Designed and photographed by Robert Berry, essays by Aubrey Meyer, McClelland & Stewart, \$29.95.* Magnificent photography, opulent colors, tastefully matched with a graceful text. Design — and price — a lot rich for any taste. (And the price goes to \$35 at the New Year.)

RURAL ONTARIO, *Photographed by Ralph Greenleaf, text by Veronique Benson Blake, University of Toronto Press, \$15.* The unique, geometric look of rural southern Ontario suitably photographed in black-and-white.

LAVEN HARBOR, *Edited by Beth Hovell and R. G. P. Colquhoun, introduction by Norbert Price, Macmillan, \$20.* Hovell from 1910 to 1968, the urban scenes in the Muskoka of his northern landscapes to pure abstraction. Excellent color reproduction.

A SHOPPER'S VIEW OF CANADA'S PAST, *G. de J. Glascoff, Katherine B. Best & Judith McIntire, University of Toronto Press, \$15.* The living style of Canada, 1836-1930, straight from the pages of funny old Eaton's catalogues. Satisfaction guaranteed or

ROCKED, *Photographed by Harold Barkley, text by Trent Frayne, Paul Massey, \$6.95.* All the recent and strain of the game in remarkable action photography. A bargain.

BARTLETT'S CANADA: A pre-Creation Journal, introduction by Henry C. Campbell, McClelland & Stewart, \$14.95. All the Canadian works of the romantic British diarist who made the Richelieu River look like the Mediterranean.

COMO, SEE MY GARDEN, *Photographed by Cathy Wanner, text by Don Byers, Mariner Press, \$12.50.* Children of the Toronto scene, elegantly photographed — birds, ferns, oaks, souls. ☐

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If the CBC doesn't show us The Forsyte Saps it's time for a viewer revolution

Broadcasting which operator as an auxiliary to advertising must cost more or assemble a consumer, a buyer of goods, and the programs are subservient to that end. A full broadcasting service operates on quite another principle, appealing to man as an active and creative person, Atlantic's "political being," with a potential for growth. The framework for such broadcasting was established in Canada 40 years ago. The struggle to improve, even to maintain it, is greater today than ever before, and more crucial still to our survival as a nation.

— Frank W. Pearce, The Politics of Canadian Broadcasting

PROGRESS PERKS has issued what amounts to a manifesto for a viewer revolution. No Canadian who cares about the quality of life in this country can afford to ignore it. In his lucidly documented book, The University of Toronto political scientist describes the difficult birth and uncertain development of the CBC between 1920 and 1952. During that period there was continuous, often vicious pressure by vested private interests to gain control of the largely. The emergence of a publicly owned broadcasting corporation survived largely because of the efforts of the concerned individuals who formed the Canadian Radio League and allied groups in the 1930s.

Radio League then shouldn't be living at the hour. Canada had need of it. After 17 years of television, it is clear the struggle for true public broadcasting is being lost by default. The CBC's TV service is now considered in all but name, virtually a satellite of the CBC from CTV or the American networks. The bulk of its programs are added subservient to the main contractor philosophy. Active and creative persons must look elsewhere.

Where many of these are looking, usually, is to the United States via cable. Community-antenna operators are busy hooking homes into their shrouded wiretap lines rather than the accounting departments can keep track

There are two obvious reasons why so many people are prepared to shirk out an average of five dollars a month for cable better reception and access to more commercial channels. But in southern Ontario, at any rate, there's a third, less palatable reason. Some CATV operators even take out half-page ads in local newspapers to plug it. Cable can pull in the USG broadcasts by the National Educational Television network in the U.S.

The CBC's denigration of purpose is graphically illustrated by the range and depth of NET programs. In one week recently the American network treated us to a brilliant analysis of the Census of the Abroad, a 30-minute special on Peggy Lee, three works by Martha Graham, a Boston Symphony concert, a Pete Seeger concert, the prize-winning documentary *Moscow, Two ABC dramas* and a dozen topical information programs truly directed at "political beings." All without commercials.

Anyone who argues there is no audience in Canada for such a permanent Festival is talking nonsense. Certainly, viewers' lives share dissatisfactions patently eager to support quality TV. When the Buffalo NET station launched a \$10,000 appeal for operating funds a few weeks ago, 18 percent of the money came from Canada. One Toronto man alone gave \$100. The interest is so great that several NET-entranced viewers have asked me playfully, "When are we going to get public television in Canada?"

They forget, of course, that we're already supposed to have public television in Canada. They forget the taxpayer forks out some \$80 million a year to run CBC-TV. They forget the CBC was originally conceived in a modified BEC rather than a direct imitation of CBS.

Perhaps the saddest commentary on the CBC's surrender to commercialism is *The Forsyte Saps*. As I mentioned last month, an extraordinary 26-episode adaptation of John Galsworthy's nine-novel sequence was created by the BBC three years ago. It stars Kenneth More and Eric Porter, cost \$750,000 and is probably the best TV drama series ever produced. Certainly the rest of the world

thinks so. The serial has since been shown in nearly every civilized country and is currently being carried in the U.S. by NET Galsworthy's extended chronicle of upper-middle-class manners in Victorian and Edwardian England might have been written originally for TV. As BBC producer Donald Wilson puts it, the saga "provides everyone with a high dramatic feast."

Most Canadians, however, will just have to go hungry. The CBC, at time of writing, has decided not to buy *The Forsyte Saps* (CTV was never interested). Money isn't the problem. The property cost NET only \$140,000 and the CBC has paid \$250,000 and up for a trade made-in-Hollywood series. What held the CBC back, apparently, was the difficulty of fitting a true serial — a series from which episodes can't be dropped — into its sponsor-dominated scheduling format.

In other words, Canadians are being denied a rare masterpiece because of purely commercial considerations. Even if the corporation charged us mad, *The Forsyte Saps* — like *The Lost Prince* series would probably end up in an obscure dustbin not in order to keep the prime-time sponsors happy. The situation is ludicrous.

I'm not saying the CBC has sold out. Not yet. Michael Adams' brilliant reporting on North Vietnam, the tough anti-politics shows and the *Levin* film opens prove that. But such progress is too few and far between. Worse, there are more commercial than ever that sell. (Advertising increased to eight minutes from six out of every prime-time hour — more than the American network carry.) Even the postage *Weekend Update* interrupted the hearts and the lovely film *Les Moutons* was named by advertising breaks.

Prof. Pearce has gone as a manifesto. I think *The Forsyte Saps* is a case worthy of direct political action. Unless the CBC pretends to show it — or pretends not and without sponsorship if necessary — viewers should calculate what the corporation costs them individually, deduct it from their tax returns and send the money to their nearest NET station. The CBC can't go on having its back eyes.

TELEVISION

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

onic



Anyway you drink it—
with fruit juices in a Daiquiri,
on the rocks or with your
favorite soft drink, you'll
find BACARDI rum is the
mixable one.



Medium Cool
is sound on
the TV medium,
but its
tired message
leaves me cold

AT SOME TIME in every person's life a little conflict of interest must come. For this film reviewer the first opportunity to present itself is Fox's newest Medium Cool, an

photographed, written, directed and produced by Academy Award-winner Haskell Wexler (cinematography, *Who's About It* People World?). My dilemma is a simple one. As a new whose basic income is derived from TV sports, I find myself reviewing a film about a cynical TV reporter who is transformed by the brutality of Chicago and by an early schoolroom into a naive, idealistic and Super News Mensch (Super-news to all you Whitehouseians fans).

If that was not enough to disqualify me, the Medium Cool press book continues to pile up difficulties. Consider, for example, the black entitled "Third Document" under the page marked "Explosion." Since Medium Cool deals with relevance and censorship, you could set up a television panel discussion with TV personalities who have run into problems with the censor and discuss how they overcome these problems. A program of this sort could add plenty of controversial word-of-mouth for your enjoyment.

Given the dumb of good programs in Canadian television today, such a grossly old-fashioned idea gains by the Medium Cool people is bound to accuse any natural bias in favor of the film. Testimonials to bias are further increased by Wexler's expensive use of cinematic photography. Take, for example, the novel director of the hand at the Democratic Convention playing *Happy Days Are Here Again* as we ask to protest of Chicago cops beating dissenters over their heads with nightsticks.

CBC programming possibilities employing this heavy Wexler film style are endless. We could, for example, interview the Friendly Giant with Mel White and Walter Gordin discussing the American laborer of our economy, or use Clay Aiken to recover for Montreal's St. Leonard not foreigner. Consider that a TV personality by day and movie reviewer by night, presented with all these stimuli

living proper ideas at one film sitting, is bound to be a bit biased, let me say in my defense that I stood that in the CBC Objectivity class of '69 (Mr. Elton Uls and the CBC Code of Behavior were first and second). Having thus proved objectivity, I feel free to offer comments about Medium Cool.

The cinematography is excellent, as is the good deal of the song, particularly Vera Bloom as the schoolroom and Harold Blankenship as her little boy. The editing and much of the dialogue is realistic, particularly the cynical, loud chatter of the news in the fair while they travel or while at cocktail parties. Some of the situations the film-within-a-film crew confront are totally authentic. Those of us in TV may feel a bit uncomfortable as we watch the staged Bobby Kennedy demonstrations or hear the Chicago Macks tell John the reporter, "You shoot for 15 minutes of black sensuality that's taken us 300 years to develop. You distort, assassinate, you mislead and that isn't cool." (And, neither, I suppose, is the mandatory TV seal in the recreation or info on most Canadian TV programs every Valentine season.)

But if Wexler knows his TV medium, his message leaves a lot to be desired. Once upon the media is villain and yet the focus of the film dwells on the Chicago riots, the one news event the media covered fearfully despite considerable risk. Moreover, John, the reporter, as the hard-boiled, cynical symbol of 20th-century smugness in clarity is a device borrowed from American's *Howdy Doody* (Equally derivative [Anton Jean-Luc Godard's *Cosmos*]) is the stonemason-accident death of the film's two main protagonists. John's sudden conversion to radical involvement, by the realization that his TV station has been turning footage over to the FBI and CIA, seems contrived and melodramatic. So is the device of getting the West Virginians mean to the actuality scenes of the Chicago riot by having the boy suddenly and inexplicably run away from home.

Wexler has two of his very own devices, neither offering potential for future denotation. The use of the es-

sayed bearing witness to being John and the West Virginians family together is a bit flippant, to say the least. Nor was I grateful to Wexler for dwelling on the whole solidarity theme of Chicago. This equal-time brand of liberalism does ignore the basic fact that the black poor do not quite possess the social mobility of their white counterparts.

Confessors say "One good picture worth more than 10,000 words." In writer Wexler's case, make it 20,000. I've run across better writing than Medium Cool in most Chinese hotline cookbooks.

Medium Cool tries to blend documentary and drama and never quite carries either off. As cinema's deadly medium, as politics it's clearly biased. "Medium Cool is dynamic," says Time magazine. If that is the case, then Haskell Wexler as dynamite has used a damp fuse. □

This war is a bore . . .

Oh! What A Lovely War is unfortunately more like a lovely bore. Director Richard Attenborough has stuck too faithfully to the texture and style of Jean Littlewood's 1963 Theatre Workshop production. The result is a staid, slow-moving picture that is neither good theatre nor good film. There is also some confusion of purpose. At times, *Oh! What A Lovely War*, like Tony Richardson's *Charge Of The Light Brigade* or Peter Cook's stage revue *Beyond The Fringe*, does a brilliantly serious job of turning the tedious and the humdrum of the British class system. At other times it tries to make the film relevant and contemporary by not-so-subtle comparisons of Great Britain and the United States at different periods. But instead of making sense, the war is a bore. War is and Vietnam, and never really quite knew how to get out. Still, the war songs are rhymed and much of the dialogue humorously accurate and poignant, much of the time. "Wars cannot be won. No one can win a war," says Vietnamese Redguard in her role as Japanese-suffragette Sylvia Pankhurst. In *Oh! What A Lovely War* the statement is the real loser. □

Don't talk
of art.
If you
can act,
SHOW me

A s art rock solid as stone,
word's aren't important.
And say this hell can
tell you that dialogue is,
like, you know

Now it's the turn of
theatre, where instead of plays we de-
mand happenings, in which the dis-
tance is improved by the actors and
the audience, and has more to do with
revealing bodies than minds

The latest international movement
to make stage devices is the *Facto*
Theatre of the Polish director Jerzy
Grotowski, whose stark ritual dramas,
long admired in Europe, have now
reached London and New York. They
are performed in Polish theatres not
Grotowski's follows the gospel ac-
cording to Antoni Artaud, the
French theorist of the 1930s, who
believed the theatre to be "only the-
atrical only to the degree that the
thoughts it expresses are beyond the
reach of the spoken language"

It is no more, of course, that the
theatres are welcome people to think
visually, a belief that President Nathan
Pusey of Harvard fears will lead us
to think "with the eye's mind instead
of the mind's eye" But the impact
of the change on our theatre shocks
those who are endangering the whole
tradition of dramatic literature from
Aeschylus to Shakespeare

By far the most universally popular
form of theatre today is the "musi-
cal," the mass business of which are
spectacle and dancing — despite the
label. In productions of other plays
(known somewhat apologetically as
"straight") the most important ele-
ment now appears to be a private
frisson in the singers — seldom, if any
one, especially that of the speeches
The Great White Hope is a current
example, but they do it to *Campanella*
and *Shogakukan*, too

Even opera, that grand dame of
the traditional theatre arts, is starting
to wear crown of ring. In her elec-
tronic *opera Spinal Duck*, the U.S.
composer Dick Higgins gives a per-
former the following stage direction:

If the light is red or orange for
an interval, he approaches the
audience lady and looks over her
shoulder, pointing, and sends out
a puff of smoke. If the light has

not changed yet, and the lady
has not reacted noticeably, he
may pick her up, set her on his
shoulder, turn his head and kiss
her leg, grin, set her down gen-
tly, and motion off stage. If the
stage has, he says "Police soon
arrived" and points her be-
hind, then dodges away from
her, his head down into his
shoulders, cowering, and hiding
behind the nearest chairmen. If
she wants to go offstage, they go

We have not reached the state of
affairs by accident, and it is worth
trying to understand how we got here

For one thing, films overruled
our ears to amplified sound. We don't
have to strain to grasp a whisper in a
movie house. It grips us. In film
soundings and dramatic instruments
have further deflated us, to the point
where lyrics are just one kind of
sound effect among many

The live theatre, to compare, faced
a difficult choice. Either supply or
go "intimate" — intimacy being best
achieved by what the films cannot of-
fer, actual physical contact with the
audience. Most stage musicals are
content to amplify. Most straight
plays reach for "audience aware-
ness." It is not by chance that the
greatest international success of the
moment, the musical *Hair*, does both

Films have had another effect on
the course of theatre. To make a profit,
films acquire international distribu-
tion, since the coming of "bilingual"
language has proved a serious trou-
bling block. Neither subtitles nor dub-
bing meets the problem more than
believe, we reach only as much of
the language as we have to, and
have acquired the habit of disregard-
ing what is said in favor of what is
shown. Compare a 20-year-old film
on its TV rerun with most of the
newer productions: the single phrase
has given way to the gesture,
which needs no translation

The international reach of the film
has downgraded speech in other
ways. A primary dramatic function of
speech used to be the differentiation
of characters by accent (dialect) or class
(dialect). When the Japanese
watch Mary Poppins speak Japanese,
or "transliterate" English replace

British and American educated
speech, national characters go out
the window. And the denationalization
of our social life, in which films have
played a major role, increasingly
erases national of verbal class dis-
tinction. When presidents can be less
eloquent than blabbers, even when
they have ghost-writers, speech be-
comes a poor index of status

Our dramatic heroes reflect the
trend: the Stanley Kowalskis and Wil-
ly Lomaxes of this world are not natu-
rally articulate. And the less articulate
they are, the more easily they trans-
late into Yugoslavia, or whatever.
Actors not only speak louder than
words — they seldom require an
interpreter

But the film, when all is said and
done, merely restricts the role of
speech. The advertising industry must
bear a heavier indictment: it has de-
bated the collapse of language. We
admit the word-juggery of the mod-
ern producer, and may even acknowl-
edge his knowledge, but in the process
we have developed as a defense
mechanism a deep distrust of verbal
cleverness of all kinds. The credibility
gap, that typical lesion of the 1960s,
is covered as much by disenchanted
with words as by belief in action

The theatre has taken note — even
if our schools and universities, still
outdully prescribing dramatic texts
for study, have not. Is it just possible
that after the premonition of *Wilde*,
the popularity of *O'Neill*, the isolation
of Coward and the obscurity of
Ellis, our dramatic speech has worn
out itself?

In *My Fair Lady*, Eliza steps to
the stage and says:

Don't talk of love

Burning above

If you're in love

SHOW ME!

This is the cry of the mass. We
may bewail the decline of words and
hope it is temporary. But even those
who pray that the producers will not
sway all the way to mindlessness
might agree that the language of the
mass deserves a turn. If we don't be-
come deaf and dumb in the mountains
from lack of practice, we may then
find a better balance between talk and
action ☐

THE LIVES OF THE ARTS

BY MAJOR MOORE

Break out the frosty bottle, boys, and keep your martinis dry!





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